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EGYPT.

THE history of recent events in Egypt is still unknown in detail; but, apart from what has been said in Parliament, enough is known to furnish a tolerable outline of what has taken place. Germany took the lead towards something like definite action, by recording a very strong protest against the decree by which the KHEDIVE announced the plan on which he intended to proceed in dealing with his creditors. The ground of the protest was that the decree was an invasion of the rights of the International Tribunals; and, although the whole decree might be described as so far an invasion of these rights that any payment less than a payment in full is, to the extent by which it falls short, a nullification of the judgments which creditors might obtain, the special objection taken to the decree was that it ordered holders of the floating debt who had obtained judgments to accept a compromise. The protest of Germany on this ground was backed at once by Austria, and in due course by England, France, and Italy. The reply of the KHEDIVE to the protest was an endeavour to get together at any cost money sufficient to pay in full the foreign holders of the floating debt—that is, those holders on behalf of whom the protesting Governments protested. It is stated, although perhaps on insufficient authority, that England objected to this on the ground of the gross injustice which would thus be done to the native holders of the floating debt, who are for the most part poor people, and are half starving because the KHEDIVE has neglected to pay them. This is, in itself, an excellent ground for objecting, if the Powers claimed the right to see that every one in Egypt should be fairly treated; but it cannot be said to be a ground in strict harmony with the protest, for that was based on the right given by treaties to each of the Powers to protect its own subjects. Meanwhile a very different course from that of a mere protest was being taken by England and France. Their Governments had come to the conclusion that the KHEDIVE must cease to reign. This decision was first conveyed to him by Mr. VIVIAN, who, before leaving Egypt, suggested in a friendly way that he had much better abdicate, and secure, while there was time, the succession for his eldest son. To Mr. VIVIAN succeeded M. TRICOU; but he came not so much to advise as to order, and with much official pomp waited on the KHEDIVE, and told him plainly that he had better resign. To this summons or advice Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia gave in their adhesion; so that, just as all the Powers had joined in the protest, so all again joined in this call to abdicate. The KHEDIVE appears to have hesitated for some time, but to have at last made up his mind to refer the Powers to Constantinople. It is rumoured that M. TRICOU asked him, with some natural astonishment, since when he had entertained these feelings of utter and prostrate submission towards the majesty of his suzerain, and that the KHEDIVE, with sublime audacity, answered that he had entertained them from the hour of his birth. As the KHEDIVE persisted in not abdicating voluntarily, the Powers applied to Constantinople, and got the SULTAN to issue an order by which the KHEDIVE was deposed and his eldest son was appointed Viceroy. The KHEDIVE instantly obeyed, kissed the hand of the son who was now his sovereign, and mildly asked permission to retire to Constantinople.

So ends the long and eventful reign of ISMAIL PASHA. His faults have been many and great; but when, in con-

sequence of his misconduct, the SULTAN has been asked as supreme arbiter to depose him, it is impossible not to think of the judge as well as of the criminal. The charges brought against the KHEDIVE might be brought with much more force and precision against the Turkish Government itself. The KHEDIVE only pays a part of his debts; but he has made, and is making, great efforts to pay a large portion of them, while Turkey pays nobody, not even the French and English Governments. The KHEDIVE has appointed one or two native Ministers in whom enlightened Europe does not feel much confidence. Turkey absolutely promoted to posts of high honour two miscreants whom Lord DERBY called on the SULTAN to dismiss from his service. The KHEDIVE does not give European judges full and complete satisfaction in the execution of their judgments. Turkey does not give any foreigner any judicial protection at all when the State is the party from whom redress is sought. The Egyptian fellahs are oppressed; but few fellahs would change the lot of dwellers in the Valley of the Nile for that of dwellers in the Valley of the Euphrates. The KHEDIVE has not been able altogether to control his riotous soldiery; but the soldiers of Egypt are like lambs beside the Circassian wolves whom Turkey has let loose over its provinces. The KHEDIVE has wasted a vast amount of money in bribery at Constantinople; but then it was at Constantinople that the bribes were taken. All this is so obvious, and there is something so grotesque in asking Turkey to offer herself as the mouth-piece of virtuous indignation at misgovernment, that the accusing Powers must have found it necessary to confine themselves to very general language, and to say that the KHEDIVE ought to be made to resign because he ought. This was not to bring home a charge, but to demonstrate their own influence. They have had the thing done which it suited them should be done, and the SULTAN has acquiesced because he could not help himself. Russia, at any rate, which has only joined in these proceedings at the eleventh hour, will regard not without satisfaction the spectacle of the SULTAN being openly subjected to the overpowering influence of those who have condemned the KHEDIVE. Her turn to use influence may come, and may not be very long in coming.

The Government that will replace the Government of the KHEDIVE will apparently be that of a standing European Commission. A prince had to be found, and whether the prince was TEWFIK or HALIM made very little difference, the only indispensable qualification that he must possess being that of a modest and becoming docility. The controlling Powers will now have to draw up a scheme of bankruptcy for him; for no Egyptian Government can possibly pay all that Egypt owes; and the Powers, in order that the judgments of the tribunals may be respected, must first lay down the limits within which judgments may be pronounced. But this is only the beginning of the process of procuring respect for these judgments of the tribunals. In order that they may be permanently executed, it is necessary that the reigning prince should not incur fresh debts, and also that the money which the taxpayers contribute should be really received by the Treasury, and should not be so heavy as to ruin the peasantry. Otherwise Egypt will only pass out of one bankruptcy into another. The Powers will have to agree among themselves how all this is to be done; and when they have come to an agreement, they will have to

find agents who will agree to carry the agreement into effect. Such a mode of governing a foreign country may be practically possible, although the supposition is rather a strong one. But it is very evident that, even if all happens that we could wish should happen, there must be many difficulties to be encountered and overcome. It cannot be said to be a very pleasant thing for this country to be committed to a permanent partnership formed for governing Egypt by commission. But it may have been unavoidable for the Cabinet to take the steps they have now taken after they had once gone so deep as they went last year into intervention in Egypt. They probably have only had the choice between two sets of difficulties and dangers; but it would be idle to suppose that they can regard the consequences of the summons given to the KHEIVIE to abdicate without much anxiety and searching of spirit. The papers which are now promised for an early day will no doubt give much information, but it cannot be expected that they should disclose all the more delicate points of complicated negotiations. But, in default of any positive evidence to the contrary, it may be assumed that the real clue to what has taken place is this. The English Government thought it essential that Egypt should be decently governed, and, in concert with France, intervened very strongly and decisively, with the double object of benefiting the native taxpayers and of forcing the KHEIVIE to pay up all he could pay, so that he might not profit by secret hoards. France went farther in intervention than England, but still England went very far. When the KHEIVIE rebelled against the dictation of the two Powers, and broke his engagements, which were positive as regards France, and very compromising as regards England, the English Government hesitated, and was averse to any decisive action. This kept back France; but then Germany came forward and forced the hand of France. The other Powers joined Germany; and then England had to act with Europe generally, or to stand out in the cold and see the rest of Europe meddling with Egypt. No one can say that an English Ministry could have properly accepted such a position; and, if England was to act at all, it became necessary for her to take the prominent part which she justly claims in everything that affects a country which furnishes her chief highway to India. Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of our intervention last year, and more especially as to the wisdom of our joining in ordering the KHEIVIE to pay the May coupon; but few impartial Englishmen will hold that the Ministry is to be blamed for joining in and leading the action of Europe when action of some sort became inevitable.

#### THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE language in which the death of the PRINCE IMPERIAL was discussed on Monday in the House of Lords was, for the most part, all that could be desired on such an occasion. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the PRIME MINISTER, and Lord GRANVILLE all bore testimony to the virtues of the PRINCE, and expressed with becoming dignity and warmth the national sympathy for his bereaved mother. Those in authority here also seized with natural impatience the opportunity of explaining the circumstances under which the PRINCE had been allowed to join the army in South Africa, and of showing that they had taken every possible precaution against his being allowed to expose himself to unnecessary danger. The DUKE read two letters which he had addressed to Lord CHELMSFORD and Sir BARTLE FREERE when the PRINCE went out. To Lord CHELMSFORD the DUKE stated that the PRINCE had been extremely anxious to be employed in our army, but that the Government did not think this could be sanctioned. What the Government would sanction was that the PRINCE should go to the Cape and that Lord CHELMSFORD should be asked to render him assistance to see as much as he could with the columns in the field. And the DUKE added a kind and friendly warning by saying that his only anxiety about the PRINCE would be that he was "too plucky and go-ahead." To Sir BARTLE FREERE, besides recommending him in very strong terms as a charming young man full of spirit and energy, the DUKE expressed a similar hope that the PRINCE would be enabled to see what he could. He was, in short, to go not as a soldier, but "as a spectator"; but then he was to accompany the columns in the field and see all that it was possible for him to see as an honoured and privileged spectator. Armed with these

recommendations the PRINCE went out, was warmly welcomed by Lord CHELMSFORD and his own numerous military friends, and was ultimately allowed to join the column under General NEWDIGATE's command. When the PRINCE joined the column to which he was attached, he found that it had not received orders to advance. There was nothing being done and nothing to see, except the making of reconnaissances a little way onward into Zululand. One of the officers, Captain CAREY, engaged in these reconnaissances, scoured the country and could find no one except old men and women where he went. One day the PRINCE was allowed to accompany Captain CAREY, and the party was surprised by some Zulus who were lying hid in the standing crops. The PRINCE and two troopers were killed, and the rest escaped. Under what circumstances the PRINCE joined General NEWDIGATE's column is at present a mystery. From the private letters of Lord CHELMSFORD it is known that Lord CHELMSFORD appointed the PRINCE one of his aides-de-camp, and thought him a good, keen soldier with sound military information and judgment. But Lord CHELMSFORD was anxious about the PRINCE's health, and engaged a doctor to accompany him for the purpose of seeing that he was well looked after. Early in May Lord CHELMSFORD wrote to say that the PRINCE had come on with him and was better; but by the middle of the month he had had a slight attack of fever, and Lord CHELMSFORD wrote that he was very imprudent in diet and required close watching. The last item of intelligence contained in Lord CHELMSFORD's letters is of a very curious and surprising kind; for he writes on May 21 that the PRINCE had gone out on a reconnaissance a few days before, and had very nearly "come to grief," and Lord CHELMSFORD concluded by saying, "I shall not let him out of my sight again if I can help it."

It is certainly very startling to find Lord CHELMSFORD writing in this way on the 21st of May, and then to learn that a few days afterwards the PRINCE was entirely out of Lord CHELMSFORD's sight, was attached to a column with which Lord CHELMSFORD was not present, and was sent or was allowed to go on a reconnaissance, and lost his life in doing so. It seems obvious that either Lord CHELMSFORD must have handed over the PRINCE to General NEWDIGATE without putting General NEWDIGATE in the position in which he himself was—that of knowing that the PRINCE had already incurred danger in a reconnaissance, and of seeing that the PRINCE must not be allowed again to run the same risk—or General NEWDIGATE must have failed to follow Lord CHELMSFORD's instructions. Too little is known at present of the real history of this sad affair to make it possible to pronounce on whom the responsibility of the PRINCE's death lies. But justice demands that it should not be hastily assumed that the fault lies with General NEWDIGATE. If Lord CHELMSFORD omitted to inform the General that the PRINCE had already been in danger through going on a reconnaissance, and to point out that nothing of the sort must be allowed to occur again, the General would naturally have received the PRINCE as a distinguished guest who had come out with the permission of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE to see as much of the war as could be shown him. All that the General could show him was such war as it is possible to see when Zulus are the enemy. In a war with savages there are no general engagements, no experiments in rival arms of precision, no sieges—nothing that in European wars would be known as strategy. The usual course of a war with savages is that, when the initial difficulty of transport is surmounted, exploring parties go forward, and then the main body follows and entranches itself, and then another step is taken and another, until at last a stockade is reached, behind which the natives fight, or do not fight, as the humour seizes them. At last a sufficient stretch of country is cleared to make the enemy think they had better yield than find themselves permanently excluded from their lands. This is the kind of war which the PRINCE went out to see, just as in former days an adventurous Prince might have asked to see our wars with the Maoris, or might ask in the present time to see the expeditions of the United States' troops against the Red Indians. The General in command might have thought that, if the PRINCE was not to see reconnaissances, there was little else to show him. But if he was a careful man he would choose as safe a reconnaissance for a guest as he could secure. As it happened, the reconnaissance which the PRINCE was allowed to join ended in a



very disastrous way. But the General must not be judged solely by the event. It must be asked whether he had reasonable grounds for supposing that this particular reconnaissance would be attended with as little danger as must be encountered on such expeditions. If what is alleged turns out to be true, and the General had previously sent out reconnoitring parties into the same tract of country, and these parties had returned, not only safe, but unmolested, he might have been warranted in thinking that he had found an opportunity of letting the PRINCE see a reconnaissance without exposing him to any but inevitable danger. If the PRINCE had gone out on one of the previous days with a reconnoitring party and had come back safe, no one would have thought of saying that the General had just escaped sacrificing him in a cruel and needless way, and it remains to be shown that there was very good reason for supposing beforehand that the party which the PRINCE joined was likely to be exposed to special danger. It is true that the party was surprised. The Zulus were too cunning for the white men on this occasion, as they have been on many other occasions. But, if this was in any way the fault of Captain CAREY, it cannot possibly have been the fault of the General in command, and the simplest justice requires that the General, like every one else, should be heard before he is condemned.

As to the conduct of Captain CAREY, again, no opinion can be pronounced until the facts are known. The accounts given, so far as they have reached England at present, are totally contradictory as to the events which took place when the PRINCE met his death. According to one account he could not mount his horse and tried to escape on foot, but after he had got away for a couple of hundred yards he was caught and despatched by assegais. It may be true, but antecedently it is very improbable, that an English officer, seeing a comrade unable to mount and hotly pursued on foot, rode away without lending him any assistance, and hurried off to save his own wretched life. There may be one officer in the whole British army who is capable of such cowardly treachery; but it is beyond belief that there should be two, and it is very extraordinary that the one man should be the man in company with the PRINCE, and also be a man whom the General, it must be presumed for his known qualities of daring and readiness in danger, had selected not only on this, but on other occasions, for the difficult duty of exploring the enemy's country. Another account is of a totally different character, and tells that the Zulus fired out of the grass and killed the PRINCE at the first volley. This would altogether alter the character of the transaction. If Captain CAREY saw that the PRINCE was dead, it was his military duty to bring as many of his men as he could bring out of an ambush into which he had fallen. Any number of suppositions may be made as to facts which are unknown. Captain CAREY may be partly to be blamed, and may be partly blameless. He may not have taken all the precautions against surprise which a more prudent and experienced officer would have taken. All that is certain at present is that not enough is known to justify the assertion that the PRINCE was cruelly and needlessly sacrificed by Captain CAREY. Lord BEACONSFIELD when addressing the House of Lords ventured to pronounce an opinion that the PRINCE had been cruelly and needlessly sacrificed by some one. It may be proved that this was so; and certainly there are many things which need explanation. But it was perhaps premature in a Prime Minister to place on record so positive an opinion while so little is known of the real facts.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON SCOTCH DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE has published a letter marked by some of his characteristic peculiarities, on Scotch Disestablishment as it bears on party purposes. Mr. ADAM, who naturally regards the subject only as it may affect elections, is said by his opponents to have made a mistake in inducing Lord HARTINGTON to bid for the support of the Scotch, and indirectly of the English, Nonconformists. Their votes were already secured to the Liberal candidates in every constituency, and consequently nothing was to be gained by making them an additional offer. On the other hand, there may perhaps be some political Liberals in Scotland, as there are many in England, who are not prepared to abolish for the sake of a majority in Parliament

one of the most important institutions of the country. Mr. ADAM has lately busied himself in correcting his oversight, by assuring timid and religious members of the party that the leaders have no intention of assailing the Establishment until it is clear that something is to be gained by the enterprise. They have no objection either to the immediate suppression of the National Church, or to a postponement of the agitation until it becomes undoubtedly popular. Lord HARTINGTON was careful to add that, if the Scotch people should desire disestablishment, he would not be deterred from gratifying their wishes by the obvious danger of creating a precedent for an extension of the same policy to England. He was probably not aware that the Established Church has of late years become less rigid in Presbyterian orthodoxy, and therefore more acceptable to many educated Liberals, than the rival organizations. Politicians who coquet with religious sects almost always neglect to study their real convictions. An election manager who thinks of Churchmen and Dissenters only as future voters is liable to much miscalculation when he forgets that some of them may possibly be in earnest.

Mr. GLADSTONE's letter is addressed to a zealous Nonconformist who seems to have been disturbed in mind by Mr. ADAM's recent declarations. The correspondent had "expressed an apprehension lest the leaders of the Liberal party should give a virtual pledge that they will not touch the question of disestablishment during the next Parliament." Mr. GLADSTONE answers that he has never given such a pledge in relation to any public question, and he adds a statement that representations in an opposite sense had reached him from opponents of disestablishment. "Their fear is that the organization of the Liberal party may be employed to procure or favour the return to Parliament of persons friendly to that measure, and their desire is that the question should not be raised by the party until the Scottish people shall have it presented to them as a substantive or main issue, and not merely as a side issue, or one mixed up with issues of a more pressing character." If Mr. GLADSTONE has understood the communication accurately, it is strange that decided opponents of disestablishment should wish the issue to be raised at all. Probably the section of the Liberals which supports the Establishment may have been anxious not to be forced to vote against their party by its addition to the Liberal creed of an unacceptable dogma. If they are satisfied with Mr. GLADSTONE's reply, addressed to them through one of their opponents, they must be easily pleased. Mr. GLADSTONE discerns a certain ambiguity in the phrases "main issue" and "side issue," and he thinks that "a distinct and intelligible expression must be all for which such gentlemen as I have described would wish to stipulate." He also says that "in my present sentiments on the subject there is nothing to conceal." His anxious followers in both sections of the party, having read so far, will probably have expected a distinct and intelligible expression of Mr. GLADSTONE's intentions, if not of his opinions. But the sentences which follow are, as far as they relate to the policy of the party, wholly unintelligible, and the revelation which they perhaps contain of his judgment on the question of disestablishment is quite involuntary.

Mr. GLADSTONE proceeds to state that his sentiments have been matured as far as the present stage of the discussion admits, and that they have been expressed as far as they have been matured. It is not known that in discussions in Parliament, to which he refers, he has at any time expressed a definite opinion on disestablishment; but in a significant digression he remarks that those who have done most to advance the agitation are the authors of the Patronage Act of 1874. "It is," he says, "no part of my duty either to urge the question forward or to keep it backward [*sic*]. On this principle, and in a spirit of cordial respect and goodwill to all concerned, I have acted, and I mean to act." The next sentence is a masterpiece of circumlocution. "As I perceive that misapprehension and jealousy are apt to arise from separate correspondences carried on in what are, on a subject like this, opposing quarters, I have thought it best to embody in my reply to you all that I have to say in the present state of things on the question of establishment or no establishment in Scotland—a question which I feel satisfied will receive careful and dispassionate consideration, and with respect to which I cannot profess that in the present condition of Imperial

"affairs it occupies the first, or nearly the first, place in my mind." Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly right in thinking Imperial affairs at present incomparably more urgent than the immediate abolition of the Scotch Establishment and the ulterior destruction of the English Church; but he forgets to satisfy the curiosity of both sets of correspondents. Perhaps his avowal of prior interest in foreign, colonial, and Indian matters may be intended as an indirect answer to the inquiry whether the next Parliament is to be invited to occupy itself with the overthrow of the Establishment; yet it is possible and probable that the existing difficulties will have come to an end long before the expiration of the term of the next Parliament. To the friends of the Scotch Church in the Liberal party no answer is vouchsafed. They are informed that Mr. GLADSTONE has matured his sentiments, but what his mature sentiments are they must ascertain, if at all, by a laborious search in HANSARD. He will not condescend to talk of main issues and side issues; but he leaves his followers to guess what issues are to be submitted to the constituencies at the general election. If Mr. GLADSTONE merely intended to baffle inopportune curiosity by the use of vague language, he would be using a license which has often been accorded to statesmen. Sir R. PEEL was a master in the art of saying nothing in sonorous phrases; but he deliberately employed his command of official language to repel troublesome inquirers, whereas Mr. GLADSTONE probably intends to say something, though he neglects to say it. Mr. DISRAELI, according to the legend of an admirable picture in *Punch*, once proclaimed, as the programme of his party, his reliance on the sublime instincts of an ancient people. Mr. GLADSTONE not less indefinitely professes "a spirit of cordial respect and good will to all concerned."

To find the meaning of his words it is necessary to go behind them. It is clear, notwithstanding the obscurity of Mr. GLADSTONE's language, that he has become a convert to the policy of disestablishment as well as to universal suffrage, and every other doctrine of the extreme Liberal party. An opinion which has matured, whether or not it has arrived at full maturity, must be a new opinion, and probably an opinion in favour of change. A politician who valued the principle of an Established Church, though he might, if necessary, yield to the determination of the majority of the nation, would not ostentatiously invite a hostile judgment. If the question of disestablishment is to be raised by the party "when the Scottish people has pronounced upon it in a manner which is intelligible and distinct," Mr. GLADSTONE can only mean that the distinct declaration of opinion must be adverse to the Church. The Liberal party cannot be asked to raise the question when the country may have declared in favour of the Church; and the Conservatives have no question to raise. The side hit at the Duke of RICHMOND and the Duke of ABERDEEN, as the chief promoters of the Patronage Act, is a further proof of an enmity to Church Establishments which is not confined to Scotland. Minds unfamiliar with ecclesiastical refinements have never succeeded in comprehending why the Established Church should become more obnoxious to its assailants when it was relieved of the alleged abuse which had been the sole avowed cause of the Free Church secession. Mr. GLADSTONE probably opposed the Patronage Act because it seemed likely to strengthen an institution which he was inclined to abolish. His letter will certainly not have removed the difficulties of Liberal electors who are attached to the Established Church; but politicians in search of an excuse for voting with their party may perhaps persuade themselves that Mr. GLADSTONE's obscure language effectually disguises opinions which must have alienated their allegiance if they had been plainly announced. Impartial observers of Mr. GLADSTONE's method will rather interpret his involved phrases as an indication that his doubts and hesitation are at an end.

#### IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THE policy of the Government in reference to the question of Irish University Education has been extremely curious. All through the recess they were supposed to be nibbling at it. The International Education Bill of last year had been so successful that it seemed scarcely likely that they meant to stop there. Even the omission of the subject from the Queen's Speech was not conclusive

against this view, for it has been the fashion of late years to balance the abandonment of many measures which do make their appearance there by the passing of one or two which have not been announced. By and by it turned out that the Government themselves would not touch the question, but it was believed at the same time that they would support any reasonable Bill that might be introduced by an Irish member. There was one obvious advantage in this course. It is more seemly that a Government should come to an understanding with an individual member who has himself come to an understanding with the leaders of Roman Catholic opinion than that they should themselves try to ascertain how much the Bishops will yield and how little they will accept. The O'CONNOR DON was just the man to be the author of an Irish University Bill, and when it was known that he was about to bring one in, the supposition naturally was that the transaction in question had been arranged, and that, after a decent interval had been left for consideration, Sir STAFFORD NORTH-COTE would announce that the Government were prepared to give the Bill their support. When the Bill appeared, this explanation of what had been going on in private seemed still more likely to be the true one. Taken as a whole, it was a very moderate measure. It was open to certain objections, no doubt, the two principal being that it endowed Roman Catholic education, and that it endowed it out of the surplus funds of the Disestablished Church. But the first was a necessary evil if the Irish University difficulty was to be settled. That difficulty really resolves itself into this—how to induce a House of Commons which will not give Irish Catholics the benefit of endowments, to create endowments of which Irish Catholics shall have the benefit. It is impossible to do this without a good many words being swallowed on both sides. The objection about the source from which the endowments were to be derived promised to be more serious, but then The O'CONNOR DON declared himself perfectly ready to take an equivalent sum from any source that might be thrown open to him. It was the money he wanted, not the righteous satisfaction of robbing the robber. Altogether the prospect seemed promising, and even the Liberals did not object to the Conservatives having a difficulty the less, in consideration of the relief which they themselves would some day experience from the question being out of the way.

Time, however, which proved so fatal to Mr. GLADSTONE's University Bill, was not much more friendly to The O'CONNOR DON's. The debates on the second reading betrayed a state of Parliamentary feeling not at all identical with that in which the Bill was first welcomed. A certain section of Liberals had found out that it was strictly denominational; a certain section of Conservatives had found out that it was meant to benefit the Papists. Neither of these discoveries is compatible with an impartial estimate of the Bill. "United education," as a system of teaching of which the majority of Irishmen refuse to avail themselves is humorously called, is a shibboleth with the advanced Liberals, and there are excellent and benevolent Conservatives who would refuse to give a crust to a beggar if it were represented to them as an endowment of Popery. On Wednesday morning, therefore, it seemed likely that, before the day was over, the limbo of rejected measures would be enriched by another Irish University Bill, and that the question would be hung up for another year. But while the House of Commons had been talking, the Government had been thinking. Into that august tabernacle, the mind of the Cabinet, it would be profane to force an entry. If we knew the secret history of the last few days, there might appear some reason for the wonderfully sudden change of purpose which Mr. CROSS announced in the course of the debate, and which the LORD CHANCELLOR will, it may be hoped, explain on Monday. In the absence of that knowledge the action of the Government is certainly puzzling. They can hardly wish to bring in a Bill which will from the first be rejected as worthless by the Irish Catholics. To settle the Irish University question would be a real triumph—one that would bring them immense credit now, and perhaps some solid gain in the shape of Irish votes at the general election. But to make another abortive contribution to its settlement will do them no good whatever. That the Irish people will one day get a University of the kind they like is highly probable; but it will hardly be until English parties are somewhat more evenly balanced than they are at present. After all, a



Government with a majority of a hundred is not the kind of Government to which the screw can be applied to much purpose. Nor, as Mr. BUTT truly pointed out in one of his latest warnings to his mutinous followers, is the obstruction so commonly associated with Irish members at all calculated to dispose the House of Commons to give them what they want. Whatever may be the dispositions on this point of the party leaders, few things would be more distasteful to the rank and file on both sides than the reflection that the Obstructives had been bought over. Mr. O'DONNELL's artless remarks on his position in relation to the Army Discipline Bill may have aroused a desire in many minds to convince him that the popularity on which he prides himself is, in the strictest sense, extra-Parliamentary. Those who are, or may hereafter be, charged with the conduct of public business, are naturally anxious to do what they can to make time for it; but their followers are probably ready to see every Bill dropped for the Session rather than passed by arrangement with Mr. PARNELL or Mr. O'CONNOR POWER. All these feelings have had time to come to the front since The O'CONNOR DON's Bill was first brought forward; and the result of their combined influence is not likely to be favourable to the success of any measure which honestly aims at making an end of the controversy.

All these considerations must have been present to the Cabinet when they determined, with only six weeks of the Session unexpired, to introduce an Irish University Bill. It may be that after Lord CAIRNS's speech on Monday there will be no more room for surprise. As provision after provision is disclosed they may be seen to be so good in themselves, and so well suited to the wants of the Irish Catholics, that the wonder will be, not that the Government should have brought forward such a Bill at the eleventh hour, but that they should not have brought it forward at the first. It may be that, without attaining this pitch of excellence, the Bill will provide a settlement not inferior to that proposed by The O'CONNOR DON, and that the Government rely on the fidelity of their supporters to see merits in a plan suggested by the Government which they could not see in a plan suggested by an Irish Roman Catholic. The difficulty in the way of this latter prospect being realized is that Mr. CROSS seemed on Wednesday to negative by anticipation every provision which could make the measure acceptable to those for whom it is professedly designed. There was a time when all that the Roman Catholics of Ireland asked from the Imperial Government in the matter of education was a charter for their University; and if that had been granted, as it ought to have been, the question might never have grown to its present serious proportions. They now ask for an endowment for their University; and without this, in some shape or other, there is no reason to suppose that they will be satisfied. If the Government do not intend to give them this, their motive in committing themselves to a Bill is beyond human understanding. If they do intend to give them this, it is difficult to see how they can give it in a way less objectionable than the way suggested by The O'CONNOR DON. It might be easier to look forward hopefully to the possible success of the Government in this matter, if in others they had given proofs, when they were most needed, of wisdom and strength. But the extraordinary vacillation between Wednesday and Thursday, and the apparent want of unity in the Government councils, were well matched by their hopeless inability to deal with the discreditable tumult of Thursday evening. Brought about by an unfortunate answer to a question of Mr. O'CONNOR POWER's, the agitation swelled to a storm which no one seemed to know how to quell, and the confusion of which was certainly not diminished by the frantic and unhappy efforts of Ministerial speakers to whom presence of mind and authority seemed to be wanting.

#### THE COBDEN CLUB.

THE speeches at the late meeting of the Cobden Club were perhaps a little above the annual average; but as far as they diverged from the hackneyed subject of Free-trade they were inopportune. On these occasions it is customary to call attention to the presence of foreign members, who indeed take part in the proceedings with full right to expound their opinions on questions of economic science. It is an impertinence to appeal to a stranger on the merits of a domestic controversy. Belgians, Frenchmen, and Americans have nothing to do with the

political contests of English parties, and an implied appeal to their opinion about Afghanistan or South Africa is highly improper. If the occasion had been one on which the unsightly operation of washing the national linen could have been performed in private, a denunciation of the Afghan war, or of any other war, might have been not unfitly associated with the eponymic saint or hero of the Club. The speaker who confidently asked what Mr. COBDEN would have said of the Afghan war might have generalized his implied assertion. What Mr. COBDEN would have said of that or any other war is so certain that it deprives his judgment in special cases of any considerable weight. He could not have attacked Lord LYTTON with greater fury than he bestowed on Lord DALHOUSIE when he engaged in war with Burmah. The province which was then annexed to the Indian Empire has derived unmixed benefit from the transfer of allegiance; and there is reason to hope that the establishment of English influence at Cabul will promote peace and civilization. The question whether Lord LAWRENCE or Lord NORTHBROOK managed their relations with SHEER ALI judiciously has ceased to be interesting. It is unwise to furnish foreigners, not necessarily friendly to England, with supposed admissions of national injustice and impolicy. The American visitor who at the Cobden Club went out of his way to boast of the success of a certain cruiser in chasing and capturing English blockade-runners will assuredly not be restrained by any feeling of delicacy from quoting Lord NORTHBROOK and Mr. BAXTER in proof of wrongs said to be perpetrated by the English Government.

It is well that from time to time the principles of Free-trade should be publicly vindicated, though they have no formidable assailants in England. Unluckily it happens that the opposite fallacy is dominant in almost every other part of the world, notwithstanding Mr. COBDEN's confident and reasonable prophecies of rapid and universal adhesion to sound doctrines when they are once embodied in English legislation. It was natural that Lord NORTHBROOK should prove by statistics that even the landed interest has enjoyed increased prosperity in the period which has elapsed since the abolition of the Corn-laws; but there is some reason to believe that the effects of the removal of Protection are now for the first time fully felt. It would be more to the purpose of a Free-trade celebration to explain that low prices of food are advantageous to the whole community, though they are certainly injurious to producers. It is not at all universally true that the freedom of exchange which is good for a nation may not injure a particular district or a special interest. There was a time when Gloucestershire was the principal seat of the woollen cloth manufacture, which is now conducted more cheaply and on a larger scale in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The borders of Kent and Sussex once derived wealth from the production of iron; and forges, furnaces, and chimneys still retain their former names, though they have for a century been turned into farms or hidden in coppice wood. It is for the public advantage that iron should be smelted with coal and not with charcoal, and that Farness and Middlesbrough should profit to the utmost by their natural advantages; but it would be idle to contend that Kent or Gloucestershire is the better for the loss of a gainful industry. If it should ultimately appear that English wheat and live stock are permanently undersold by foreign imports, it will be impossible to show that landowners are the better for a reduction in the value of their property. It is enough to say that the country as a whole could only be the poorer for paying a perpetual subsidy to maintain an industry which can be more cheaply conducted in other parts of the world.

Mr. HORACE WHITE, a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, gave the true account of the reasons which have made protective duties and manufacturing monopolies not utterly intolerable in the United States. The Republic is so large that it is almost a world of itself; and within its borders there is, by a happy accident, absolute free-trade. But for the constitutional reservation to Congress of the power to impose Customs duties, Mr. WHITE believes that every State would have set up a hostile tariff against its neighbours. The same system of reciprocal exclusion among adjacent provinces prevailed in France before the Revolution, and in Germany until the institution of the Zollverein. If the Americans could annex Canada, they would instantly include the new territory in their Customs frontier; and they are indeed endeavouring to effect the same object by means of trea-

ties. A satirist might suggest that they appreciate the value of unrestricted intercourse so highly that they wish to establish in their own favour an absolute monopoly of free-trade. Nevertheless, as Mr. WHITE explained in the course of his able speech, American industry suffers by the over-production which is in turn promoted by protection. It appears that iron-founders in full work pay competitors a tribute on condition that they leave the works idle. The consumer has therefore to pay, not only for the iron which is made, but for other iron which might be made but for the arrangement among the manufacturers. It is satisfactory to find that English makers sometimes profit by the blunders of American monopolists. It seems that a railway chairman has lately been accused of unpatriotic selfishness in making a contract for English steel rails. Mr. WHITE defended him before an English audience on the ground that the offender's father had done some injury to English trade during the Civil War. It is probable that in those neutral markets which are still open protected manufactures will incur a disadvantage. American exports still consist principally of agricultural produce; and by the latest returns the proportion seems to be increasing. Mr. HORACE WHITE, who is, like his countrymen in general, too candidly patriotic to spare the feelings of an alien audience, warned the members of the Cobden Club that the adoption of their principles in America might perhaps not be altogether advantageous to England. If a perverse tariff checks the industry of the United States, it follows that the abolition of protective duties would stimulate manufactures and commerce. The shipping and the foreign trade of America are heavily depressed in consequence of protection, much to the advantage of English competitors. Recent German legislation will deprive English producers of a market; but it will probably give them, as against German manufacturers, a monopoly of neutral trade.

The delusion of reciprocity is so pertinacious that it may perhaps have been worth Lord NORTHBROOK's while once more to slay the slain. It will not be necessary often to repeat the process. The question is finally settled not so much by argument as by the balance of material forces. The farmers will never confer a monopoly on manufacturers while they are themselves subject to unlimited competition; and a proposal to revive the Corn-laws would provoke either ridicule or dangerous indignation. Americans, Germans, and Australians easily persuade themselves that the interests of manufacturers ought to be consulted at the expense of the general community; but a project for making food artificially dear will never again find acceptance in England. If the Cobden Club confines itself to the propagation of sound economic doctrines, it may retain a respectable position as long as it can provide itself with a succession of chairmen and speakers as creditable as Lord NORTHBROOK and Lord RIFON. It will lose any title to respect which it may possess if it degenerates into an organ of party controversy. Attacks on the Government with the object of bringing a Liberal Ministry into power are customary, and, in their proper place, legitimate; but there are clubs and associations enough which have only the business of faction to occupy their energies. There needs no club of high pretensions to maintain the undoubted proposition that war is not pecuniarily profitable, except, indeed, when victorious Powers, like Germany or Russia, extort large sums of money from their defeated adversaries. The fact that a war is costly is no proof that it may not have been just or necessary. The general principles which the Cobden Club professes to assert cannot prove that Lord LYTON ought or ought not to have declared war on the refusal of the Ameer of CABUL to receive an English Mission.

#### BONAPARTIST PROSPECTS.

THE death of Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON will precipitate a choice which his friends are scarcely prepared to make. The immediate and the remote interests of Bonapartism point to conflicting lines of action. The interests of the Imperialist cause are distinct from those of the Imperialist party of the day, and the policy which may further the one will not necessarily further the other. What the interests of the party demand is sufficiently evident. The Bonapartist organization has sustained a terrible and unlooked-for loss, and the first thing that has to be done is to make that loss good. Imperialism has hitherto been associated, even in its lowest estate, with a man who

was ready to be Emperor, and whom every Bonapartist was ready to accept as Emperor. The party instinct, which feels before everything else the need of a visible leader, is naturally anxious that this association should be continued. To find some one to take Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON's place is for the moment the first business of every faithful Bonapartist. Unfortunately it was also the business of NAPOLEON III., and the manner in which he performed it promises to be a source of considerable embarrassment. Another Prince NAPOLEON has been placed first in the line of succession, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether he can be got out of it. Great as his merits may be, they are clearly not appreciated by his countrymen. With a NAPOLEON on the throne, it might conceivably be expedient to keep a discontented Prince for the express purpose of intercepting seceders to the Republic. But, with the Republic in power, there is no occupation left for such a Prince. At all events there can be none until such time as the Republic is visibly getting into disrepute even with Republicans. Yet Prince NAPOLEON is plainly unfitted to play any other part than the one to which he is accustomed. He might go through the form of a conversion, and have his eyes suddenly opened to the blessings of religion; but he would find no one disposed to believe in the genuineness of the miracle. The only way in which he could establish the reality of his change of feeling would be by refusing the advantages which such a change, if believed in, would be calculated to bring him; and then the political value of his conversion would be reduced to nothing. The Conservative opposition to the Republic is more and more becoming a Catholic opposition; and for this one of the guests at a certain Good Friday dinner is scarcely an appropriate chief. If the PRINCE will waive his pretensions in favour of his eldest son, the difficulty will be, to some extent, got over; but it will not be got over except at a considerable sacrifice. Bonapartism has a democratic as well as a conservative side; and the increasing identification of Conservatism with Clericalism will naturally make the democratic Bonapartists suspicious of their Conservative allies. It is quite possible, therefore, that this section of the party may not approve of the exclusion of their natural chief on the express ground that his succession would be distasteful to the Church. Even if Prince NAPOLEON himself should be inclined to lay aside his pretensions at the bidding of politicians with whom he has not always been on commonly civil terms, the arguments of his friends may induce him to maintain them. Yet, if the organization of the party is to be kept alive, the Imperial throne cannot well be left without a claimant. The death of the last pretender is in most cases tantamount to the disappearance of the cause which, when alive, he represented. Where there is no successor there can ordinarily be no succession. The idea becomes extinct for want of a visible expression.

In the case of the Bonapartists, however, this is not strictly true. The distinction with which we started has for them unusual significance. What is good for the immediate interests of the party is not good for their ultimate interests. The strongest element in the Bonapartist chances is one that it must take time to bring out in its true character. In the present state of France there is no reason why they should succeed; and in the absence of such a reason it is a misfortune to the cause that the party should exist as a political organization. A party which does so exist is forced to keep itself before the public. It must perpetually be doing something when it has really nothing to do. It must be on its guard against the reputation of indolence or discouragement. It must have its candidates ready to contest every constituency which offers the remotest prospect of success. If it fails of its duty in these respects, it will breed surprise among strangers and discontent among its own members. It will be said of it that it no longer keeps up the pretence of being hopeful or cherishes any higher ambition than that of painless extinction. On the other hand, when once a cause is seen to be out of the running, it ceases to make enemies, and it no longer runs the risk of making blunders. If nothing had been heard of the Imperialists since the fall of the Empire, their position to-day would probably have been stronger than it is. This theory assumes no doubt that there is a real vitality of some kind about the Imperialist idea, that it answers to something in French feeling which can be trusted not to die out, and that this something stands in no need of



the stimulus of constant excitement. To some extent this assumption is true. France offers a combination of contradictions which would in some ways be more easily harmonized by Imperialism than by any other solution. French society is organized on a thoroughly democratic basis; but it remains to be seen whether Frenchmen will be content to go without the splendours which have been associated with the Monarchy. A *bourgeois* President with a *bourgeois* income and *bourgeois* surroundings can scarcely be the head of French society. That function of the sovereign must remain in abeyance so long as the chief of the State is M. GRÉVY, or any one like M. GRÉVY. France again has no desire to quarrel with the Church, but she greatly desires to see the Church kept in its place; and, on the whole, it may be argued that this is more likely to be done under a Bonapartist Empire than under a BOURBON Monarchy. It seems to be growing less and less probable that, if the Republic were to become odious to the French nation, it would be replaced by the Count of CHAMBORD; and if it is not replaced by him, there is nothing but the Empire to fill the vacancy.

It may be thought that we have thus been brought back to the point from which we started, because, if the Empire is to fill the vacancy, there must be an Emperor waiting to succeed. But the Bonapartist idea is not inseparable from the person of a Bonaparte. It naturally looks to that family for embodiment; but if there were any grave difficulties in the way of their mounting the throne, another family might perhaps be found to answer the purpose. The Napoleonic system was not so much an hereditary monarchy as an hereditary arrangement for providing a candidate for the popular suffrage. Consequently it is conceivable that, if the Republic were in the end to become distasteful to the majority of Frenchmen, the thoughts of many who now call themselves Republicans might turn with regret to a system the faults of which, they would argue, had belonged to its administrators, while its virtues were all its own. The very idea of a monarchy resting on universal suffrage would have immense charms for democrats who had just made trial of a Republic and found it wanting. Such a monarchy would have the paramount recommendation in their eyes of involving a total and hopeless breach with the pre-revolutionary order of things. Nor would it be without attractions even for that large section of French Conservatives who only want to keep things as they are, and not at all to make them what they were. The success of such an Imperialism as this depends entirely on the course of events. The only way in which the Bonapartists can contribute to the result they desire is by effacing themselves while that result is being brought about. Of course it may never be brought about. The Republic may continue to prosper, and some way may be found out of all those theoretical dilemmas which at present stand in its way. This is what makes self-effacement so difficult a policy for the Bonapartists to follow. It is comparatively easy to wait for something that is certain to happen some day or other. But to wait for something that may never happen, to recognize that, though it may never happen, there is nothing to be done to ensure its happening, is a very severe trial of patience. When to this is added the fact that, to the most active adherents of the party, success would be deprived of half its value if it were not due to their own efforts, and so gave them no claim to reward, there is no need to say more by way of proof that simple expectation, though it be the most profitable of all attitudes for the party, is yet the hardest for that party to maintain.

#### LORD BEACONSFIELD AND THE YOUNG PEERS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD lately reminded the House of Lords in an amusing speech of his earlier manner as a master of banter and sarcasm. The younger malcontents of the House of Lords had perhaps some reason to complain that they should have been selected as the objects of his satire. When Mr. DISRAELI was himself approaching middle age, he always maintained in his political romances the paradoxical doctrine that the world ought to be governed by the young. Except in the days of PITT and Fox, the practice had never prevailed in England; and it is not surprising that, after twenty or thirty years of additional experience, Lord BEACONSFIELD should have changed his opinion. He is at least not disposed to

believe that the House of Lords belongs to the young; and he cannot resist the pleasure of laughing at disappointed aspirants, though most of them are supporters of his own. Any reason is good enough to support a predetermined conclusion; and peers who have no opportunity of making speeches must be content to know that it would not be convenient for the Lord Chancellor to take his seat on the woolsack at four o'clock. They are also informed that the hour between four and five is peculiarly precious to Ministers, who could scarcely get through their official business if they were compelled to hurry off prematurely to the House of Lords. It is true that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, three Secretaries of State, and the First Lord of the Admiralty contrive to reconcile their administrative duties with attendance in Parliament at four o'clock; and it might have been thought that, as they are often detained till after midnight, they are more to be pitied than their colleagues in the House of Lords; but Lord BEACONSFIELD was not concerned to answer by anticipation any troublesome argument. Having no intention of making the proposed concession, he could not resist the temptation of adding ridicule to disappointment. As far as there is a balance of expediency in so trifling a matter, he was probably right in declining to introduce a change; and a prudent Minister seldom announces the true reason of his decision.

Lord DUNRAVEN and one or two other peers who took part in the discussion are fairly entitled by their ability to share in the debates; but they must watch their opportunities and gradually catch the ear of the House. One peer, who can scarcely have passed thirty, has already acquired a considerable reputation as a speaker, and Lord DUNRAVEN himself has been not unfavourably received; but members of the House of Lords are in much the same condition as members of the Bar, who are much too numerous for the business to be done. It formerly was, and probably still is, customary for thirty or forty counsel to arrive at an assize town and to find two or three causes on the list, and a scanty calendar left by the Quarter Sessions held the week before. The political cause list of the House of Lords is habitually empty, and it is found impossible on ordinary nights even to fill up the interval between five o'clock and dinner. More than one Government has tried the experiment of introducing a larger proportion of measures in the House of Lords; but it is found that the practice saves little time when Bills are afterwards sent down to the other House. Discussions on important questions of policy or administration are almost necessarily confined to the leaders of parties. Past and present Ministers, Viceroy, and Colonial Governors cannot with propriety be interrupted by comparative novices. It is perhaps strange that the House of Lords entertains little sympathy for the natural ambition of its less prominent members. Those who have occasional business relations with peers know that they are principally distinguished from commoners by an impatient consciousness of the value of their time. A respectable peer feels that he is making a sacrifice, not only of private inclination, but of public time, when he stays in his place to listen to a speech which has not the official or ex-official stamp; and he consequently leaves the House, not without a feeling of self-complacency, to take a ride before dinner, or to read the evening paper at his club.

Compliance with Lord DUNRAVEN's proposal would, however unintentionally, have had a remote analogy with the most perverse forms of modern democratic legislation. Communistic demagogues affect to secure employment for workmen, though they have no means of providing an additional demand for the commodities produced. They also, to the best of their ability, place the youngest and most incompetent workman on an equality with the most skilful competitor. The House of Lords cannot be conveniently administered on the principles of a Parisian National Workshop. A larger number of peers might be allowed to speak, but there are no means of adding to the number or importance of the questions to be discussed. It is true that, as Sir GEORGE BOWYER urges, all Bills must pass through their several stages in the House of Lords; but for the most part they have been sufficiently discussed in the House of Commons, and further amendments could only be introduced at the cost of inconvenient delay. It is probable that Lord BEACONSFIELD would not object to divert into the House of Lords a portion of

the business with which the other branch of the Legislature is overburdened; but his experience and sagacity teach him that the unequal distribution of labour and of power is due to causes which cannot be removed by artificial means. The House of Lords might perhaps risk a loss of influence by an attempt to take a more active part in legislation. At present it is regarded with far less jealousy than in the period which followed the Reform Bill, when politicians, of whom the survivors have since become moderate, constantly threatened the peers with disestablishment or reform. By the operation of circumstances which no theoretical legislator would have foreseen, the House of Lords has become, in the best sense, a Senate or Assembly of veteran statesmen. The growing custom by which Ministers in the latter part of their career retire to the House of Lords resembles in practical effect the Roman practice which attached senatorial rank to the holders of certain high offices. The increasing difficulty of obtaining seats for Ministers in the House of Commons secures to the peers a considerable share in the composition of every Cabinet; and consequently the ablest hereditary peers, unless, like a few of their number, they have a distaste for political life, have almost always the advantage of official experience. In ordinary times, and especially at present, twenty or five-and-twenty peers of both parties, including the Law Lords, are at least equal in ability and reputation to any equal number of commoners. Their legal privileges are shared with five or six hundred colleagues respectable by rank, and for the most part by property and character, but with no admissible claim to take a continuous part in the government of the country. The vast majority of their number must be, as they were called in Rome, walking senators, or peers who hold their tongues and walk into the right lobby. They have every reason to be satisfied with the local and social position which in turn furnishes the House of Lords with a principal element of strength.

The Constitution of England might possibly survive an alteration of the time of sitting of the House of Lords from five to four o'clock; but the centre of power cannot be shifted; and there is no advantage in pretending to a political activity which cannot be really exercised. If an unconstitutional Minister were to effect a successful encroachment on the authority of the House of Commons by giving a larger share of legislation to the House of Lords, the country would be justly dissatisfied, though perhaps the business might be as efficiently done. Young peers who want to make speeches are probably quite as competent as average members of the House of Commons to transact ordinary legislative business; but they have no mandate, no representative character, and no direct responsibility to the constituencies. If they are equal in capacity to as many members of the other branch of the Legislature, they are not more capable than the same number of members of any creditable club. The accident of hereditary right would not bear too great a stress. Good-natured bystanders may smile, not without a touch of sympathy, when well-meaning and patriotic zeal is repressed by Lord BEACONSFIELD'S raillery; but there are so many other objects of compassion that the claims of unwillingly silent peers are in danger of being overlooked. Like the banished Duke and his lords, they are not alone unhappy. There are a great many persons as clever and as ambitious as themselves who cannot get into the House of Commons, and who have not nearly as good a chance of office as the titled malcontents. Only a few political conscripts find, as Lord BEACONSFIELD and Mr. GLADSTONE have found, the Marshal's staff in their knapsacks. It is not a bad compromise between total failure and brilliant triumph to be born, like some French nobles of old times, hereditary colonel of a regiment.

#### THAMES FLOODS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works have at all events the negative merit of not liking to see their constituents harried by any one but their proper lords and masters. They will levy rates with beautiful composure, and spend them in a manner which makes an auditor's hair stand on end. But when there is a whisper of the metropolitan district having to contribute towards some outlay the necessity for which is determined by circumstances, and not by the vagrant fancy of the Metropolitan Board, they are up in arms directly. However weak their case

may be, they maintain it with admirable courage, and often with undeserved success. It seems likely that this will be the case with regard to the question of the Thames floods. Against all reasonable expectation, the Board have carried through the Commons a Bill for throwing the burden of preventing these floods on the owners of river-side property. This Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords on Monday; and an attempt on the part of Lord TRELOAR to secure its amendment in a certain specific sense in Committee came to nothing. It is some small consolation, indeed, to have obtained an admission from Lord REDESDALE that the Bill was one which would require great care and attention. But when it is the principle of a Bill that is in fault, the second reading is a very critical time. It is possible no doubt that this Bill may be so amended in its later stages that all that is objectionable in it may have disappeared before it leaves Committee. In that case, however, the Bill will almost certainly be withdrawn by its promoters; and it is conceivable that the Lords may not wish to appear more careful of the interests of private owners than the Commons.

If the Bill passes in its present form, the owners of river-side property on the south bank of the Thames will receive very hard measure. They will be subjected to a special tax for the benefit of the inhabitants of certain South London parishes. The inhabitants of these parishes have a good right to be protected against floods—that is a point on which there is no difference of opinion. What the Metropolitan Board have failed to make out is that the cost of protecting them should be borne by a particular description of private property. If an argument against the Bill were wanted, the action of the Metropolitan Board has supplied one. This is the second measure dealing with Thames floods for which they are responsible, and some community of principle in the two Bills might naturally have been looked for. The Metropolitan Board have risen superior to any such narrow conception of their duty. They proposed, in the first instance, to make the ratepayers of South London pay for the prevention of floods, and they now propose to make the owners of riverside property pay. It is quite clear that, if the present Bill is just, the former Bill must have been unjust, and it is equally clear that, if the former Bill was just, the present must be unjust. It cannot be a matter of no moment whether the community or certain members of it are saddled with a particular burden. If it is one that the community ought to bear, it ought not to be thrown upon individuals. If it is one that fairly devolves upon individuals, why should the community be asked to take it up? This is a dilemma from which there is no escape, except indeed by the rough-and-ready method which the Metropolitan Board have adopted. They have said, almost in so many words, We do not care who bears the burden, so long as we do not. The ratepayers in the riverside parishes and the owners of riverside property may settle the matter between themselves. We are indifferent which has to pay, provided that we have not to pay. The riverside owners are more unfortunate than the ratepayers in the riverside parishes, in that they found no effective advocacy in the House of Commons. When the Metropolitan Board proposed to make over their duty to the Vestries of certain parishes, the Vestries contrived to make themselves heard. Now that the Board have put the owners in place of the ratepayers, the hostility of the House of Commons is appeased. The ratepayers are numerous and active, and the members who represent them are keenly alive to the importance of retaining their votes. The owners of property are few, and not very easily induced to move together. The existence of such a distinction is in itself sufficient to account for the different treatment extended to the two Bills in the Commons. But the Lords have the character of being ready to protect property even when they have nothing to gain by so doing. If they wish to justify their reputation, they will not allow the Thames Floods Bill to pass in its present form.

It is not necessary, in order to justify this conclusion, to show that the floods from which the districts south of the Thames occasionally suffer are caused by the embankment to the north of it. That is a point upon which there is a great diversity of scientific opinion; and, as usually happens in the case of a conflict between experts, the controversy that rages round this single issue is too excited to allow of any other argument getting a fair hearing. Let



it be conceded, therefore, that the Thames Embankment has had nothing to do with the inundations on the opposite shore, still the argument against the present proposal of the Metropolitan Board will remain beyond impeachment. The Thames is the common property of Londoners. They share in the prosperity it brings to the city, and they ought equally to share in the occasional losses which it inflicts by way of drawback. The doctrine that the owners of property subject to inundation in the south of London ought to bear the cost of keeping the Thames in its proper channel, just as much as though their lands abutted on some secluded reach of the river in the neighbourhood of Rannymede or Medmenham, is destructive of all corporate responsibility. It is the characteristic of municipal life that many things which outside cities are done, and necessarily done, by individuals, are done inside cities by the community in general. If it is fair to make riverside owners keep the water off their lands, it would be equally fair to make them drain their own lands. The liability to inundation is part of the price which Londoners have to pay for the incalculable advantages which the situation of their city gives them. The advantages are not confined to any specific class; they are distributed over the whole metropolitan area. Why should the distribution of the correlative burden be any more arbitrary? If the principle of the present Bill is sound, the greater part of the rates at present levied in London ought to be remitted, and the burdens to meet which they are raised ought to be transferred to the owners of property. If the liability of private persons is to be untouched by the creation of municipal institutions in one instance, it ought, in common consistency, to remain untouched in all similar cases. Otherwise the same persons may be made to pay twice over, once in their character of owners of property and once in their character of ratepayers. This, as the Bishop of London pointed out on Monday, is precisely what will happen if the Bill passes in its present shape. The private owners have, as ratepayers, already contributed to the cost of the embankments, and they are now called on to prevent the tide from overflowing their property. If everybody is to look after himself, why should the owners of property in Southwark or Wandsworth have been made to look after other people as well? They have paid their quota to the Victoria and Albert Embankments, and thereby relieved from expense the owners of riverside property in the districts protected by those embankments; and now, when they ask that a similar service shall be rendered to them in return, they find that the incidence of the cost is to be governed by an opposite principle. The change should have been made earlier, or later—before the first embankment had been begun, or after the last embankment was finished.

This is not the only objection to the Bill. Lord TRURO quoted some very pertinent observations from a judgment of Lord Chief Justice COCKBURN, in which "the equitable principle" of apportioning such burdens as those now sought to be dealt with is stated to be the division of the burden among all those who receive benefit or suffer loss. In the present case it is not only the owners of property on the river bank who suffer loss from floods, or will receive benefit from works undertaken for the prevention of floods; it is all the inhabitants of the district. Consequently, as between the two Bills promoted by the Metropolitan Board, the second is more unjust than the first. The first did at least propose to make the persons directly interested in the prevention of Thames floods liable for works undertaken with that object. The second proposes to make a mere accidental minority of these persons liable for such works. The objection to the former Bill was that it paid no regard to the fact that the persons directly interested in the prevention of Thames floods had been released from their liability by the previous action of the Metropolitan Board. The objection to the second Bill is that it does not profess to include all the persons directly interested in the works which it contemplates. The Metropolitan Board have found up to this time that injustice on a small scale excites less opposition than injustice on a large scale. If this impression is confirmed by the ultimate passing of the Bill, they will naturally be tempted to break up their misdoings into fractions which, however large they may be in the aggregate, shall be too small individually to attract serious notice.

## M. SARCEY AMONG THE SAVAGES.

M. SARCEY, the dramatic critic of the *Temps*, is like Robinson Crusoe, a brave man and a man of heart. Hitherto, indeed, he has been known only in the capacity of a journalist whose talent has failed to keep pace with his authority; but he will henceforth take higher rank as a courageous and daring traveller ready at the call of duty to exchange the luxury of a refined civilization for the doubtful hospitality of an unknown land. We are too apt to assume that the love of adventure is a peculiarly English quality, and it is therefore well we should be reminded by M. Sarcey's recent exploit that our achievements have inspired an honourable rivalry in the breast of a Frenchman. M. Sarcey, it is true, has not found Livingstone, nor has he been led in his wanderings to the source of the Nile; but he has forced his way from Paris to London, and during his stay in our capital he has made some startling discoveries which cannot fail to insure for him a lasting fame. Lest, however, there should be any anxiety as to the issue of such an imprudent exploit, we hasten to add that the distinguished critic is now safely restored to his own people. He returns without a scar to relate the romantic history of his travels; and, if we are to trust his own hasty impressions of the journey—which are to be accepted, as we learn from a leading article in the *Times*, as in the highest degree flattering to our sense of national pride—he would seem to have found the rude but simple inhabitants of these shores in a more advanced stage of civilization than the accounts of earlier explorers had led him to expect. M. Sarcey was evidently not prepared for the many signs of progress which he encountered. He writes home to his Parisian readers with the air of a man who had come with ample store of glass beads and pocket knives, which he was prepared to barter with the natives in exchange for food and lodging; but to his infinite astonishment these precautions were found to be superfluous, for the inhabitants already possessed a recognized currency and even the rudiments of intellectual culture.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that M. Sarcey's discoveries, like many other blessings we have recently enjoyed, are due in the first instance to the visit of the Comédie Française. To the Comédie Française M. Sarcey stands in the somewhat ambiguous relation of guide, philosopher, and friend. He has written the biographies of the various members of the company, and possibly in virtue of this achievement he is now installed as a kind of critic in ordinary to the establishment. This association, whatever it may be worth, has evidently most deeply impressed the writer of the leading article in the *Times*. M. Sarcey's utterances are deferentially accepted as though he were the accredited envoy of French intelligence, and he is hailed as "an acknowledged master of his craft," in such a way as to convey the amusing impression that he exercises a supreme and undisputed command over the dramatic criticism of Paris. It would perhaps be an ungracious task to disturb such an amiable illusion, and we are now only concerned to note the fact that when the Comédie Française came to London, M. Sarcey thought it incumbent upon him to come too. He could not desert these ladies and gentlemen during the painful ordeal they were about to undergo. If their talents were to be misunderstood by an ignorant public, he must be there to enforce their claims and to expound their merits; and if our admiration stood in need of guidance and direction, he at least would be at hand to point out the approved Parisian model by which we might fitly distribute our applause. It is therefore only too flattering to our pride, as the *Times* has justly observed, to learn from the lips of such a critic that his task has been to some extent a sinecure. More than a fortnight of the appointed period of their stay in London has still to elapse, and yet M. Sarcey has already found it consistent with his duty to return to Paris. But, although we have thus a clear right to be gratified with M. Sarcey's general approval of our attitude towards these performances, it would be idle to conceal from ourselves the fact that the discovery of our intelligence was to the critic himself a genuine and startling surprise. That he should have been astonished at the familiarity of the audience with the French tongue is perhaps to be explained by his own confession of inability to understand what is said by our English actors—a confession which, according to the *Times*, will lend a peculiar interest to his promised criticisms upon the English stage. But there are other points in our advancing civilization that have surprised M. Sarcey even more than our knowledge of French. He had been cruelly misinformed upon many questions connected with English life and manners which he has now been able to solve to our advantage; and it is only fair to add that, once enlightened himself, he hastens to enlighten others who may have been hitherto deterred by a distorted picture of English habits from daring to visit our shores. He is indeed indignant at the false reports which preceding travellers have imposed upon the credulity of the world. Referring to a conversation which he had with a gentleman who was sitting beside him in the stalls of the theatre, he enters a vigorous protest against the current conception of an Englishman's mode of behaviour. "Who is it," he asks, "who has put it into our heads that the English were ceremonious and stiff, and that they would never hold converse with any one to whom they had not been formally introduced?" Such a notion he scouts as altogether ridiculous, and he can only explain its acceptance by the amusing suggestion that these reserved manners belong to the *haute aristocratie*. M. Sarcey has also something very pleasing to say in regard to

English dramatic criticism. He assures us emphatically, and, according to the *Times*, he is entitled to speak with authority, that no one in France had the faintest idea of the existence of dramatic criticism in England. It was known that we had "rosbif"; and, since the International Exhibition of last year, a few daring and original thinkers have not hesitated to assert that we possess the germs of a school of painting; but not even the rashest Anglomaniac had dared to declare that any of our writers were competent to discuss the interests of the drama. Here, again, M. Sarcey comes to our rescue. In his dashing, chivalrous way he is not afraid to combat the deeply-rooted prejudices of his countrymen; and, to the admiration and delight of the *Times*, he makes bold to declare that our dramatic criticism is neither a partial *réclame* nor a paid advertisement. This is indeed, as the *Times* modestly remarks, almost "too flattering" to our pride. A tendency to boastfulness has always been the special danger of the English character, although of late, it must be confessed, the singing of "Rule Britannia" has fallen a little out of tune; but now that we know, on the authority of "a master of his craft," that English dramatic criticism is not mere *réclame*, we shall again be able to hold up our heads among the nations of Europe. M. Sarcey's remarks on this subject are indeed worthy of quotation. He has, it seems, been reading two articles of the English press upon the French comedians with great curiosity. "Do you know," he says to his countrymen with an air of naïve simplicity and surprise, "that they are very well done these articles, full of good sense and of good taste?" Here, he exclaims after his generous fashion, is another prejudice of which our journals must hasten to rid themselves; and he even goes so far as to add that many of these articles would do credit to the pages of a French journal. But we must beware, as the *Times* has properly warned us, not to put too much trust in such flattering utterances. These letters are dated from our capital, and, with the politeness characteristic of his race, M. Sarcey may perhaps have been led into excess of generous appreciation when he pledged himself to the assertion that there are English critics who are neither paid nor partial.

That there is some ground for the caution enjoined by the writer in the *Times* is indeed proved by the contents of a subsequent letter which M. Sarcey had addressed to his countrymen. The unsuspected urbanity of our manners and the integrity of our critics are all very well; but it is, after all, a little too much that we should attempt to reopen questions of dramatic art that have been finally settled by the verdict of Paris. This is manifestly disconcerting to M. Sarcey. He has decided for himself, and by consequence, we may suppose, for posterity, that the *Demi-Monde* is a veritable masterpiece worthy to rank with the immortal works of the French classical writers, and the judgments of English critics who take a different view he presents to his readers merely, as he observes, "as a curiosity." He is compelled to fortify himself under the weight of this blow by a serious appeal to the pages of *Punch*, and he declares himself bound by the opinion of *Punch* to modify his previous statement concerning the English knowledge of the French language. Evidently, he writes, the *Demi-Monde* was imperfectly understood, for on no other hypothesis would it be possible to explain the indifference of the audience to the beauties of this masterly production. With regard to the moderate enthusiasm that has been generally shown for the talent of Mlle. Croizette, M. Sarcey is more entirely puzzled; but he at last finds the true solution of the difficulty in an article published in the *Times*. From this source M. Sarcey affects to learn that the English public is bound by a strict convention of taste in regard to feminine performers. It can only admire an actress who, by her figure and bearing, "nous rappelle les figures de keepsake"; and, as Mlle. Croizette fails to satisfy the ideal of the keepsake, she must be content that her claims should remain unrecognized by the English public. This, be it observed, is no effort of humour, but a grave and serious statement. It is offered to the readers of the *Temps* as a brilliant solution of a perplexing problem; and, until the next adventurous critic makes an excursion to our capital, we shall be held up as a singular example of a people who judge dramatic talent by a simple reference to the volume and weight of its exponents. We almost wonder M. Sarcey did not discover that English actresses were weighed before they were permanently engaged by the managers of English theatres. It would not certainly have been more surprising or more absurd.

But, after all, we must not look a gift horse in the mouth. According to the *Times*, M. Sarcey's notice of us has been only too flattering, and as the *Times* supplied him with this diverting notion in regard to our classification of actresses, the adoption of it in his *feuilleton* is perhaps the sincerest form of flattery. Our only fear is lest M. Sarcey's success in this kind of humorous criticism should induce others who are not masters of their craft to follow his example. It would be really deplorable to be compelled to pay so heavy a price for the delight of witnessing the performances of the *Comédie Française*. We have rejoiced with others in their visit to London and in the opportunity thus afforded to Englishmen of studying a singularly complete development of dramatic art. But for the future we would pray that they should come without their critics, or at least that these critics should not attempt after the experience of a fortnight to enlighten their countrymen as to the intellectual life of England.

#### THE OLD ENGLISH GAMESTERS.

THOUGH there is a good deal to be said against the modern habit of backing horses, it must be admitted that the practice is less disreputable than was the gambling of our ancestors. No one is obliged to associate with bookmakers, to sup with them, drink with them, meet them at the club, and have them hanging about his house. Business is done in the ring, and there is an end of the connexion. Our forefathers were less fortunate. As horse-racing was almost in its infancy, and as the amusements of the Stock Exchange were not yet developed, they were hard put to it for pleasant ways of losing their money. They were constrained to play at cards, and "tables," as at Gleeke, Ombre, Lanterloo, Bankuslet, Basset, Brag, Piquet, Primero, Tick-tack, Passage, In and In, Hazard, and other games, which it were tedious to enumerate. Just as in the case of other pastimes—racing, rowing, and cricket—a need for professional players was felt. It is never very convenient to gamble with friends and equals, because the cards breed quarrels; and, moreover, there is often a long delay about payment. No noble sportsman wishes to ruin his friends, still less to have to wait for his money. Thus in the seventeenth century, and especially before the death of Charles II. stopped the jollity of the Court, professional card-players were in great request. These men were sometimes gentlemen by birth; but almost as frequently they had been valets, common soldiers, or bullies and braves. Such as they were, the very nature of cards and dice made it necessary for gentlemen to live in their company, drink with them, and seek them at clubs and taverns.

In a curious little book, styled *Authentic Memoirs relating to the Lives and Adventures of the most Eminent Gamesters and Sharpers* (London, 1744), we have found some edifying anecdotes about the old players. This work is said to have been "publish'd from the original papers of a Gentleman, design'd for the use of his son." The Gentleman's idea seems to have been that *pueris omnia purn*, and many of his stories by no means bear repetition. In his preface the Gentleman exposes the misfortunes that attend the gamester. If he plays "ever so fair on the square" and wins, people will put affronts on him. If he tamely puts up with the affronts, "he may never expect to go to that gaming-house without being pull'd by the nose, or kick'd or caned." Thus, on the whole, it seems wiser to play "on the cross" and to swagger than to play "on the square" and avoid duels. The author of these *Memoirs* had perhaps tried both ways; at least he assures us that he has lost 2,000*l.* a year at the tables, and writes to warn a son that is heir to 1,500*l.* His hope is that the son will avoid the company of the Sharpers who lurk at Tunbridge and Bath; but, if he must play, from this little volume he will learn to avoid the impositions which old gamesters too often put upon young ones.

We have hardly a notion of the extent and fury of the gambling passion in the seventeenth century. Two anecdotes, culled from the biographies of Mr. Patrick Hurley and R. Bouchier, Esq., will prove that ready money and a dice-box were passports into the very best society, and claims upon the favour even of Royalty itself. Mr. Patrick Hurley was born at Cork, in the province of Munster. History is compelled to trace his pedigree (as was usual in the Scotch Royal family) from the mother's side, and to admit that his only known ancestress was a chambermaid. The Countess of Galway, interested by the early beauty of Patrick, had him educated, and a tour on the Continent added to his accomplishments. Being a skilled linguist, he persuaded the Bristol Quakers that he spoke all Christian tongues by inspiration. "In the learned languages he pretended to no knowledge; alleging, Latin was the language of the Beast; Greek, the tongue wherein the heathen poets wrote their fictions; Hebrew, the speech of the unbelieving Jews; and Arabic the tongue wherein the blasphemous Alcoran of Mahomet is written." Unhappily Patrick was confronted with a Welsh Bible; his Christian inspiration deserted him, and having made a good thing out of the Quakers, he fled to London. In that capital he "acquired great dexterity of making all rugg at dice"—one of the many phrases by which the unfortunate Gentleman, our author, shows his minute knowledge of fashionable sports. To "make all rugg" is, being interpreted, to secure one of the dice between the fingers. This accomplishment was worth hundreds of pounds to Patrick, who now betook himself to the Court of Versailles, travelling incognito as Earl of Donegal. Being very dexterous at palming, slipping, or bending the cards, he won a great social (and pecuniary) success at a Court where even the Royal ladies gambled, and not only cheated, but even "welshed," their loyal subjects. After "rooking" the Pretender, the Duke of Berwick, and Marshal Villeroy, the ingenious Patrick practised on his Most Christian Majesty, and took of him fourteen thousand pistoles in a single night. It is odd to hear of the Grand Monarque being swindled by an Irish adventurer. In England, as well as in France, says our author, "a foot-man shall play with a marquis or an earl, a black-guard boy with a duchess; barbers, pedlars, tinklers, and tailors, and ostlers, with generals, brigadiers, and colonels of the army."

If Patrick Hurley was welcomed at the Court of France, Mr. Richard Bouchier was no less fortunate. He was the son of a plasterer, and was born in a lane near Charing Cross. He "hankered about the Court," and soon saw that an honest livelihood was to be made at tennis. For want of our modern paths to ruin, our rude fathers gambled at everything, and betted heavily even on tennis and chess. If Bouchier could have lived on two or three hundred a year, the tennis-court would have maintained him; but he was ambitious, and looked higher. He was for



some time a footman in Lord Mulgrave's service. After leaving service he met Lord Mulgrave at the "Groom-Porter's," threw a main with him for 500*l.*, and informed him that he had worn his livery. "Whereupon his lordship, supposing he was not in a capacity of paying 500*l.* in case he had lost, cried out a *Bite, a Bite*. But the Groom-porter assured his lordship that Mr. Bouchier was able to have paid 1,000 pounds, provided his Lordship had won such a sum." Like other gentlemen of his cloth, Mr. Bouchier must needs travel to the Court of France. He was expert in the common ways of playing on the cross, and none could more deftly catch a die with a waxed finger-end, or hide an ace up the sleeve with a more gentlemanly air. He could also cut himself the ace of trumps at whist by "the cleanest rooking way, known as the *breef*," also by the use of the "slick-stone." As these methods may still be practised by the unscrupulous, it is unnecessary to repeat the very plain directions given by our author. In France Mr. Bouchier trusted to false dice, of which he secretly imported a great number, and these were sold to the shops in Paris. As the cogged dice came into common use, Mr. Bouchier, who knew their qualities, enjoyed a considerable advantage over the French courtiers. "He was soon admitted to the presence of *Levis-le-grand* as a gamester, and not only won 15,000 pistoles of the King, but the nobility tasted of the same fortune." Bouchier won 10,000 pistoles from the Duke of Orleans, and as much from D'Espernan, in addition to many jewels, "and a prodigious large piece of ambergrease, valued at 20,000 crowns, as being the greatest piece that was ever seen in Europe, and which was afterwards laid up by the Republic of Venice in their treasury."

The modern moralist may think that the Gentleman's stories of Hurley's and Bouchier's success are rather likely to encourage gambling. The Gentleman bears, however, "an unquestionable Testimony to the mischiefs which often arise from gambling that may well daunt the most adventurous. This remarkable but dreadful passage, which I'm now going to relate, befell at Bellinzona in Switzerland." Three men were playing at dice on Sunday, when one of them used a very horrible and blasphemous expression, which it is unnecessary to repeat. "The cast mis-carrying, this Villain drew his dagger, and threw it against Heaven with all his strength; when behold the dagger vanished . . . and the D— immediately came and carried away the blasphemous wretch, with such a noise, and stink, that the whole city were amazed at it." This is mentioned "to show the mischiefs and inconveniences which often attend gaming." If we could print the whole of the Gentleman's remarkable narrative, the inconveniences of gaming would be illustrated in a very forcible way.

That gambling was a very powerful passion in the seventeenth century has already perhaps been made sufficiently plain. The extent to which it was prevalent may be guessed from two stories. Our author declares that a ruined sharper, a *décadé*, would borrow half a crown from the maid at his lodgings, would take that small capital and gamble with horse-boys and grooms, and so would pick up enough to hazard at "Groom-Porter's" or any other fashionable haunt. Compare with this the diversions of the "late Earl of Oxford." "He was a great gamester, and often in a morning, standing an hour or two in his shirt, threw a *Main* for a supposed friend, and a *Chance* for himself; he would, according to the success of this way of experiencing his sole pleasure and delight, go presently to the Groom-porter's with hope of good luck on his side, yet would Monsieur Shevalier, by his dexterity at dice, convince his lordship that no certainty relies on the good success of a person that plays in jest by himself."

The favourite games of the old players seem to have been Hazard, Whist, Gleek, Ombre, and Billiards; but of all these "certainly Hazard's the most bewitching game. For when a man begins to play, he knows not when to leave off; and, having once accustomed himself to Hazard, he hardly ever after minds anything else." The result was that, of all the gamesters named in the book before us, only three made good ends. Most were born in filthy courts, picked up in domestic service some appearance of good manners, played, won from Nell Gwynne or some other woman of the Court, were paid with a commission, and so had a chance to prey on the army and the Court. They drank, dressed (for a grand equipage was part of the stock in trade), they intrigued, fought, and died miserably. One was shot in the back by a soldier of his company, many were hanged, many died in hospitals or prisons. They lived lives like that of Thackeray's Barry Lyndon, and their last end was often even worse than his. One exception was Colonel Pantton, who in one night gained 1,500*l.* a year, and "built a whole street near Leicester Fields which he called Pantton Street." "There was no game," says our author, "which he was not an absolute artist at." Almost as undeservedly lucky was coggng Jonathan Laud, who "lived very happily at his country seat near Henley-on-Thames, till he died in 1704." He was more fortunate than Beau Hewit, who played on Descartes's system, by the "use of the geometrical playing-cards." Mathematics could not help Beau Hewit, who always lost, till he was caught cheating, and killed in a duel in Hyde Park. Among the advantages of the modern system is the absence of this sad settling-day in Hyde Park, with only a lace shirt between the body of the creditor and the steel of the defaulter.

## AMEN, LORD OF POUNT.

A GREAT deal has been written of late upon the religion of the ancient Egyptians. Knowledge on the subject is confined to a very few persons, and those few differ so much among themselves that there are as many opinions as there are professors—that is to say, perhaps half-a-dozen, all told. It need hardly be said, therefore, that a large number of people are interested in the matter, or that what finds its way into print is of a character rather to obscure than to elucidate. A great deal of fog might be cleared off if we could make these writers explain what it is they mean by the term "ancient Egyptians." In one essay we observe that all Egyptians, whether they lived under Ptolemy or under Shoofoo, are so called. This is the comprehensive method employed by some of the most voluminous, at least among English, Egyptologists. It is impossible to expect anything but confusion and puzzle-headedness from it. We should think the historian mad who mixed up the reigns of Romulus, Odoacer, and Victor Emmanuel. Yet the interval which elapsed between Menes and Cleopatra was at least twice as great, and the social revolutions were scarcely less marked. We cannot argue from what we read in the Ritual, composed, at the earliest, under the Eighteenth Dynasty, as to the religion of the people who lived under the Fourth. Yet in many books and articles both periods, and many other periods besides, are referred to under the same heading of "Ancient Egypt." We could almost wish to confine the use of the word Egypt to a definite time, short, indeed, in relation to the whole history of the country, but long enough to take us back to the beginnings of history in the Western world. By the "ancient Egyptians," if we may refer to the oldest monarchy by such a misused and ambiguous name, the country we now call Egypt was called, when it was called anything, "the Black Country," or, in their own language, "Kam," which answers to the Biblical Ham or Cham. There had been an Upper Country, and there had been a Lower Country, but history begins with their union under one sovereign, whose successors bore for thousands of years the title of "Kings of both lands," or "lords of the double crown." No other name, or no name at all, is applied to the valley of the Nile in the oldest inscriptions. Its inhabitants knew of no other countries, and no other countries knew of them. Their interior life was not disturbed by the interference of neighbours. Elaborate and minute as was their system of government, it comprised no Foreign Office. It is not until far on in the Third Dynasty that we know of anything like conquest or any expedition beyond the immediate boundaries of the valley. Even then we only hear of the repression of the wild tribes of Sinai and the protection of the mining colonists of Kam. It is much the same till the end of the Sixth Dynasty—a period of perhaps seven centuries more. Then follow wars and rumours of wars, and the earliest period of the history of Kam comes to an end in obscurity and confusion. Between the Sixth Dynasty and the Eleventh there is a great gulf fixed. Here and there the name of a king comes up. We read of Memphite dynasties and Heracleopolite. But the old kingdom is no more. The stream of time, which seemed to flow as peacefully for the inhabitants of the Black Country as their own Nile, becomes turbid and stormy. For forty generations there is a blank, a solution of historical continuity; so that people who mix up the chronology and religion of the time after the Eleventh Dynasty with that of the time before the Seventh leave out of their account a period probably as long as that which separates in English history the landing of Hongist from the landing of William III. Kam had not become Egypt. Nothing foreign had influenced the religion of the people. Amen was still hidden. Pount was unknown.

If we ask what the religion of this oldest monarchy was, the answer we receive is of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory character. True, Manetho tells of the establishment of the sacred animals by a king of the Second Dynasty; a fact, if it be a fact, which points to a strong tendency in favour of some form of that "fetish worship" which characterizes the pure African races. But the dominant race—if we allow, as perhaps we must, that there were two races in the Black Country, one superior in wits and power to the other—though they may have permitted and even ordained this fetish worship for the people under them, have left us no record that they practised it themselves. Putting aside as more than doubtful the evidence offered by the tablet of the Sphinx, we find scarcely any gods mentioned in the monuments. The kings' names in the first two dynasties may contain allusions to two divinities, or to one under two names; for if the strange hieroglyph which records the name of a king called by Manetho *Semempes* be read as "the Image of Pthah," and if the name of the fifteenth king, Noferkha-Sokari, means "The beautiful likeness of Pthah-Sokari," we have two allusions to the same divinity. Even the sun god "Ra" does not appear till the time of the twenty-second king, and has not, even then, a distinctly religious significance. The name of Shoofoo, the builder of the Great Pyramid, may contain a reference to Shoo, the ram-headed god of Snee, but so far we have not heard that any Egyptologist has thus read the determinative ram found in some of his cartouches. Under one of the last kings of the Sixth Dynasty Osiris comes into prominence as the justifier of the dead; and the deceased Pharaohs were themselves worshipped in the temples attached to their respective pyramids. On the whole it is remarkable, and has been frequently remarked, that the gods are conspicuous by their absence from the elaborate sculptures of Meydoom, Sakkara, or the

platform of Geezeh. If the great and learned had any religion they kept it to themselves. We know, indeed, without any shadow of doubt, that the Sun and Moon, Ra and Phtah, Isis and Osiris, were objects of worship. But Thy makes no mention of any of them in his tomb, full as it is of all other records. Phtah-Hotep's name contains the only allusion in all the inscriptions in his tomb to the existence of religious worship. Did these great nobles and governors despise the idolatry they themselves practised? Did they bow themselves in the house of Phtah because it was part of the state ceremonial of the time to do so, and worship was good for the common people? Have not similar sentiments been put forward in our own times in answer to objectors to the fetish worship of rags and bones? Or did these priests and philosophers of old time, as some have supposed, worship in secret a hidden god, whose name could not be named, of whom Phtah and Osiris and Ra were but attributes, of whom their ancestors when they came from the holy land of Pount, beyond the sea, to conquer the idolaters of the Nile valley, brought the tradition, and transmitted it unsullied to the ruling races of their adopted country? We have said already, and can only repeat, that no satisfactory answer can yet be given to these questions. Amen, the hidden one, as the name, if it can be called a name, imports, may have been known to the Pyramid builders, the first recorded rulers of Kam, but we have only negative evidence, if any, to prove it.

There is a little city in Upper Egypt, now seldom visited by tourists, or by any one else, which must once have held in the eyes of foreign nations the first position among the cities of Kam. It was when the kinglets of the Eleventh Dynasty, just beginning to recover from the long dark ages of struggle and confusion under Asiatic invasions and alien kings ruling from the distant Karba, opened a road from the Nile valley to the coast of the Red Sea, and brought in the wealth and with it the religion of Arabia. The mountains which bound with precipitous barriers the whole region of the inundation, the Black Country, from the Delta southward for four hundred miles, here divide, and an easy pass, open for beasts of burden, admits the merchandise of the East direct into the very heart of Upper Egypt. At the head of this pass stands the modern centre of the trade, Kenh, which is situated towards the northern side of the valley. Towards the southern is Coos, which under the early Moslem conquest occupied the same commercial position, but has now fallen into decay. Between them, on its ancient site, and seeming as viewed from the river to stand exactly opposite the opening in the mountains which leads to Cosseir, is Gyp, the Greek Coptos, from whose name all Egypt is called. It is a poor little place, though one of the oldest temples in the Upper Country attests its importance under the Twelfth Dynasty, and the remains of a Christian basilica recall the time when Diocletian persecuted the Copts. There are Copts still in Gyp, and in all the country round, and here, as elsewhere, it is only Europeans who call them Copts. To the Arabs, and among themselves, they are Gypsee or Gypis. A Copt in Coptos, a Gyp in Gyp, may count himself the citizen of no mean city. The northern outlet being cut off by the foreign kings, and the legitimate successors of the Pyramid builders cooped up in the Thebaid, a new era in the history of Kam begins when communication with the East was opened through Gyp. Soon the kings of the little city increased in wealth and power. They negotiated on equal terms with the Northern usurpers. Thebes became their stronghold, and eventually, under the Osirtasens and Amenemhas of the succeeding dynasty, the foreigners were driven out, and the King became once more lord of the double crown. Through Gyp Kam emerges on the stage of universal history. The outer world begins to know of the existence of the Black Country. The expelled oppressors, probably Phœnicians, spreading along the eastern and northern shores of the Mediterranean, make known the long dormant power which had been manifested from Gyp. Henceforth Kam may lawfully be called by the name which is still in use. With the domination of the revived line of the ancient Kings we find a change in religion. Amen has revealed himself from Pount, and the first charge of the new power is to acknowledge his greatness. He himself is hidden. There are no images of the nameless and formless Hidden One. But the local fetiches, Chem the filthy god of Panopolis, Knum the ram-headed god of the South, Khons the moon-faced god of Thebes, are all, like Ra and Phtah and Tum in the Lower Country, included under one godhead as attributes and manifestations of the great Unknown. To his honour Osirtasen erects a new and glorious temple at Heliopolis, or On, on the ancient site of the temple of Tum. To his honour a still more glorious temple springs up at Karnac, where Chem had already his altar. No local divinities are superseded. The monotheistic instincts of the teachers who had introduced the lord of Pount as king of all gods were supposed to be satisfied when Amen was united to the native name.

A second, but shorter period of eclipse under the Thirteenth Dynasty, while four foreign dynasties followed each other in the Delta, preceded the great revival of the Eighteenth Dynasty, when Thothmes and Amenhotep rivalled in their mighty works even the Pharaohs of the Pyramid period—a period which must have seemed to them almost as distant as it seems to us. From this time Amen is everywhere. He is found united even with Phtah and with Osiris. The sacred bulls, the goat, the hawk, all the rival deities of the fetish order, are identified in him. The tradition which brought Amen from the East became universal in later Egypt. Sometimes the abode of the gods, the place where they had lived in divine

seclusion and unclouded happiness under the sceptre of Amen, their lord, was an island, and as M. Brugsch Bey, to whom the world owes the identification of Pount with Arabia Felix, remarks, it is thus referred to by Diodorus. To the ancient Egyptian, in the stricter sense of the term, Pount was the birthplace of all things great and good, and it is impossible not to see in this fact a strong confirmation of the theory to which so many other facts point, that a ruling race came into the Black Valley from the East to subdue the old inhabitants; that the "elders of This" and the "spirits of On," the men who made the Pyramids and the Labyrinth, the Obelisks and the Memnons, the columns of Karnac, and the grottoes of Thebes, were not of the same blood as those who worked for them; that the sons of Kam were but the slaves who carried out the designs of a handful of settlers or conquerors from the far coasts of Arabia, men who could design and legislate, who could direct and rule the race who served them; and who, whatever their own devotion to a distant and hidden divinity, were so tolerant or so cunning that they left to their subjects the old worship they found in the land, and discovered a method of reconciling two heterogeneous religions with a success so complete that, in spite of all the sacred writings they have left us, we are but just beginning to distinguish the component parts. It would be easy to trace the further degradation of the original idea. The anonymous god, once personified with the features of the ram or the bull, soon lost his mystery. Amen, which had once signified that he was not to be named, now became a name. The Greeks identified him with Zeus, and Alexander, mistaking the ram's horns of Knum for primitive attributes of the supreme god, assumed them himself in honour of "his father." Even now the drug commonly called hartshorn is known as ammonia, and he who was lord of all the perfumes of Araby is chiefly remembered among us by the pungent principle in smelling salts.

#### THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

LAST Saturday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre was signalized by a curious incident which has not unnaturally given rise to some expressions of disappointment. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was advertised to play in two pieces on Saturday, one in the afternoon and one at night, a fatiguing task enough for an actress of multifarious occupations, who had the night before, it is said, given a private representation in direct contravention of the judicious rule generally observed by the members of the Comédie Française. Accordingly, the audience which had assembled on Saturday afternoon to witness a performance of *L'Étrangère* found themselves confronted by M. Coquelin, who informed them with great sorrow that Mme. Bernhardt would not appear. There was naturally much dissatisfaction. Some of the audience disappeared. Some remained in order, perhaps, to see the celebrated piece *Relâche*, which M. Coquelin had said the Comédie were under the horrible necessity of giving. M. Got, who spoke of the indisposition of Mme. Bernhardt, followed M. Coquelin, and it was finally arranged that a performance of *Tartuffe* should be given, preceded by *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, which some people innocently took for the first act of *Tartuffe*. A deplorable occurrence had its value in exhibiting the resources which the members of the Comédie Française possess by virtue of constant training and rehearsal. M. Fevre was present to resume the part of Tartuffe, but with very few exceptions the rest of the cast was a "scratch" one, and yet the players were so well up in their Molière that the representation went as smoothly as could be desired. This is remarkable; but it is also remarkable that no one was ready with the "understudy" of Mme. Bernhardt's part. At most English theatres such a contingency as a principal actress's non-appearance would have been provided for. Mme. Lloyd had in Paris formerly replaced Mme. Bernhardt as Mrs. Clarkson, but she had not studied the part for some time, and felt naturally diffident as to resuming it at a moment's notice. On the other hand, few English companies could have given at a few minutes' notice a performance similar in nature and in completeness to the hastily arranged one of *Tartuffe*. Further results of Mme. Bernhardt's failure to appear have been that she has been more talked about than ever, and that she has found an occasion for writing a letter to the *Times*, containing two striking blunders in French, without which her career in England would have been incomplete. Mme. Bernhardt appeared as Doña Sol in *Hernani* on Saturday night.

On Monday night M. de Banville's *Gringoire* and Musset's *On ne badine pas avec l'amour* were given. *Gringoire* has, besides the excellence of its writing, the merit of giving M. Coquelin, in the part of the strolling hungry poet, an opportunity for exhibiting the same kind of mixture of pathos and humour which he attempted, with somewhat less success, in *Tabarin*. M. Coquelin's performance of the part is distinguished throughout by masterly art. His clear, well-balanced elocution in the delivery of his two ballads; the feeling thrown into the latter of the two, with its desolate burden, "Aux pauvres gens tout est peine et misère"; his diffidence in presence of the girl whom he is commanded, as the price of his life, to inspire with love; his delicate comic acting in earlier passages of the play; his transformation, under the influence of disinterested passion, from the slouching vagabond to the eloquent poet, are all alike admirable. It seems impossible to find one fault, artistically, in M. Coquelin's performance of this part. And



yet we must confess that it seemed to us to miss just that one quality which no artistic training can give; that fire which Robson, who could not be compared as an artist to M. Coquelin, yet managed to infuse into parts which, like Gringoire, were composed of mingled humour and passion. M. Maubant, costumed perhaps somewhat too royally for the circumstances of the piece, played Louis XI. with force and discretion; and Mlle. Baretta was charming as Loyse.

*Gringoire* was followed by one of the most striking and characteristic of Musset's comedies. Told in a few words, the story is that of a young man, Perdican, whose father wishes him to marry his cousin Camille. Convent teaching has made the girl distrustful of love, and father and son are both astounded at her coldness to her old playmate. In a fit of pique Perdican makes love to a village girl, and asks her to marry him. This brings Camille to acknowledge to herself and to Perdican the love she has for him. Rosette, the village girl, concealed, overhears their interchange of vows of love, and gives a shriek of horror. Then, after his manner, Musset tears away the light and beautiful veil which has been cast over the inexorable fate that is the essence of the drama, and exhibits a whole history of misery, as if by a lightning flash, in these concluding words:—

Camille. Entrons dans cette galerie; c'est là qu'on a crié.

Perdican. Je ne sais ce que j'éprouve; il me semble que mes mains sont couvertes de sang.

Camille. La pauvre enfant nous a sans doute épiés; elle s'est encore évanouie; viens, portons-lui secours. Hélas! tout cela est cruel.

Perdican. Non, en vérité, je n'entrerai pas; je sens un froid mortel qui me paralyse. Vas-y, Camille, et tâche de la ramener.

(Camille sort.)

Perdican. Je vous en supplie, mon Dieu! ne faites pas de moi un meurtrier! Vous voyez ce qui se passe; nous sommes deux enfants insensés, et nous avons joué avec la vie et la mort; mais notre cœur est pur. Ne tuez pas Rosette, Dieu juste! je lui trouverai un mari, je réparerai ma faute. Elle est jeune; elle sera heureuse. Ne faites pas cela, ô Dieu! Vous pouvez encore bénir quatre de vos enfants. Eh bien! Camille, qu'y a-t-il?

(Camille rentre.)

Camille. Elle est morte! Adieu, Perdican!

Then, as Perdican cowers pale and trembling in a corner, Camille rushes horror-stricken across the stage, and the play is at an end. The bolt has fallen, and the group of people who during three acts have been amusing and delighting us with the exhibition of their characteristics and weaknesses, are for the moment swept away from the spectator's mind by the horror and truth of the final tragedy. Few poets but Alfred de Musset would have dared to write such a play as this; no living poet could give it the commingling of beauty, humour, and depth of dramatic passion which he brought to it. It is as terrible as a Greek tragedy, as beautiful as a summer landscape. Every one of the characters lives before the reader's or spectator's eyes, displaying unconsciously his or her fashion of life and thought in word and actions which go straight to their mark. With the exception of some speeches of the *Chœur*, which are omitted in representation, there is not an undramatic moment in the play, and one feels that its conclusion is the only one which could be fitting.

It has been reserved for an English commentator to point out how Musset could have improved his work. The *Times*' critic has made with reference to this play a discovery almost as astonishing as his celebrated announcement that *Il ne faut jurer de rien* is the one piece in the repertory of the Français to be singled out for the amusement of innocent girls. The critic having observed, with truth, that there is something Shakespearian in Musset's work, and with less truth that Musset was stunted and perverted by his unwholesome view of life, went on to say:—

The death of Rosette is too tragic a close for the half-serious, half-playful love symphony of which it furnishes the startling close. A greater master of his art, reared under better and purer influences, would have purchased the opening of Camille's eyes and her union with Perdican at a less costly price, and left the play what it cannot now be called without shocking our sense of that harmony of art and life in obedience to which the greatest artists have always worked a bright and delightful comedy. Rosette's death is a false note in what, but for this, would be one of the most beautiful dramatic poems ever presented on a French stage, and, in a style, of which we should seek in vain for a modern example on our own.

After reading this strangely ill conceived and ill written comment upon Musset's production, one is inclined to think that for the words "a greater master of his art, reared under better and purer influences," should be substituted the words, "a prosaic and clumsy English playwright, accustomed to bring about the conventional happy ending of a piece which is not called a tragedy." That a critic of any experience, acquainted in any degree with the French tongue and with Musset's writings, should gravely have proposed as an improvement a process which would in fact take all the meaning out of the play and amount to a gross desecration, is little short of astounding.

It remains to speak of the generally admirable interpretation of one of the finest of the French poet's works. M. Delaunay, who, without boasting of possessing Laferrière's secret decoction, yet seems to have the gift of perennial youth, has long been famed for his impersonation of Perdican. On Monday night every changing mood of gaiety, pique, real or factitious love, and crushing remorse, was given with as rare a skill and force as ever; and of all these elements the actor made, as the author has done, a consistent and living personage. M. Delaunay's beautiful voice, elocution, and command of every note in the scale of feeling,

were specially remarkable in the speech at the end of the second act:—

"Adieu, Camille; retourne à ton couvent, et lorsqu'on te fera de ces récits hideux qui t'ont empoisonnée, réponds ce que je vais te dire. Tous les hommes sont menteurs, inconstants, faux, bavards, hypocrites, orgueilleux ou lâches, méprisables et sensuels; toutes les femmes sont perfides, artificieuses, vaniteuses, curieuses, et dépravées; . . . mais il y a au monde une chose sainte et sublime; c'est l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux."

The actor's tragic power was, as before, strongly shown in the last passage of the play which has been quoted above. It is impossible to imagine a more complete image of sudden remorse and prostration. Here also Mme. Croizette's powers were shown to great advantage. Throughout the play she triumphed with wonderful skill and energy over the difficulties naturally presented to her by the part of Camille. Her conception of the character was admirable, her execution artistic to the highest point. Her last look and gesture of horror were thrilling. Mme. Reichemberg as Rosette recalled Théophile Gautier's comparison of her to, if we remember rightly, a "fleur du printemps." Mme. Jouassain was of course admirable as Dame Pluche, as was M. Thiron as the Baron. M. Barré was happier as Blazius than M. Garraud as Bridaine.

We have dwelt so long upon the work of Alfred de Musset, whose merits seem equally above the comprehension of M. Sarcey and of the *Times*' critic, that we must be content for the present with recording the fact that on Tuesday *Mlle. de la Seiglière* was excellently given, and with saying a very few words about *Le Barbier de Séville*, which was given on Wednesday. The play was acted to a small but very good-tempered audience, extremely willing to be amused. The actors did all they could to amuse them, and succeeded as well as could be expected in a comedy which, as a play, has long been out of date, and is too intimately associated with recollections of operatic music and of Mario's singing. M. Coquelin as Figaro is almost perfect, and is content to let the part produce its legitimate effect, and does not attempt, as so many Italian singers have done, to make the audience forget all the other actors on the stage. M. Febvre, as Almaviva, did as much as was possible for him to do in a character for which he is utterly unsuited. Mme. Baretta was the Rosine, and though she was still suffering from a bad cold, represented the mutinous and loving young Spanish lady to perfection. Very admirable, too, was her self-possession in the first act, when it seemed for a moment not unlikely that the balcony on which she and Bartolo were standing would come to the ground. A short piece ought to have been added to *Le Barbier de Séville*, which ended at about a quarter past ten—all too early for some unlucky people whose carriages had not arrived.

Thursday night was devoted to Racine's plays *Andromaque* and *Les Plaideurs*. The conjunction was happily devised to show the scope of a great dramatist who might have been greater if he had not been fettered by too pedantic rules. In *Andromaque* M. Mounet Sully appeared as Oreste, M. Davigny as Pylade, M. Sylvain as Pyrrhus, Mme. Bernhardt as Andromaque, and Mme. Dudley as Hermione. M. Mounet Sully's performance was admirable. His attitudes and postures were full of classical beauty, and yet instinct with life and truth; and his diction preserved a due restraint, even in "the whirlwind of passion." He was noble and dignified in the earlier scenes. His first fear of losing Hermione, and his subsequent resolve to carry out her murderous commands, were alike charged with true passion. He led up with admirable art and force to the final overwhelming of his faculties; the changes were sudden, as they must be from the text; but they never seemed unexpected or unnatural. His last scene of madness and death, following on the terrible blow dealt to him by Hermione, was played with a tragic power which seemed always to be kept well within the actor's resources. The performance of Oreste is, to our thinking, as fine a thing as M. Mounet Sully has ever done, and cannot but mark him as a tragic actor of the first rank. The *Times*' critic "cannot in the least understand the manner of his declamation, his accentuation, and emphasis. His manner of delivering his words appears often as wide of the meaning of the words as it well can be." It is possible that M. Mounet Sully is more fully acquainted with the meaning of the words which he has to utter than the *Times*' critic is. In *Andromaque*, as in *Phèdre*, Mme. Bernhardt gave some tender passages with exquisite feeling, and failed in others to which she attempted to give a too vehement passion. She would probably have done better by keeping the part more in one key throughout. There is not much of it, and it is a pity that a fine actress should in any way mar her performance of it by trying to put more into than it will bear. Mme. Bernhardt's recital of the speech within a speech, when she recalls Hector's words, was charged with artistic beauty. Mme. Dudley played Hermione with immense, indeed with very superabundant, vigour. Mme. Dudley speaks distinctly. Her attitudes and her walk are not graceful, and her expression is extremely monotonous. Any one who can imagine a mixture of transpontine tricks with a merely conventional exposition of classic tradition may form a very fair idea of Mme. Dudley's performance. Unmeaning shouting, stamping, and changing of voice are not good substitutes for true instinct and passion; but there are people who like them as much on the dramatic as on the lyric stage. Mme. Dudley's attempts at acting are made in a hopelessly wrong direction; and she is evidently as well pleased as some of her audience are with her gravest defects. M. Sylvain spoke and moved well as Pyrrhus. The performance was, as has constantly happened, much interrupted by the vulgar and selfish

behaviour of various persons, the reason for whose presence at a French tragedy could be explained, if by any one, only by themselves. One may imagine excuses for persons who disturb other spectators by coming in late. But people who select a box in a commanding position on the balcony tier at the Gaiety Theatre as a convenient place wherein to cackle gossip, and to discuss Mme. Bernhardt's photographic presentations in a loud tone—to the accompaniment of trampling feet and opening and shutting doors—during the most moving passages of a fine French play, must surely take a monstrous delight in flaunting their ignorance and their ill-breeding. It is to be regretted that there are no persons corresponding to headles attached to theatres for the purpose of removing such ill-conditioned members of the audience.

#### STEEL SHIPS.

IN the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 21st inst. attention was drawn to the fact that, though England holds her own against other countries in the production of iron, the same cannot be said with regard to the production of steel, which is being enlarged at a more rapid rate in America than in England. It was pointed out that in the latter country the production of Bessemer steel ingots was eighteen times as great last year as it was in 1870, having risen from 40,000 tons in that year to 730,000 in 1878. In Great Britain the production had not become four times as great as it was nine years ago, the total output in 1870 having been 215,000 tons, and in 1878 807,000 tons. Of Bessemer steel rails the increase in the United States had been from 34,000 tons in 1870 to 600,000 in 1878; while in Great Britain the output had risen only from 300,000 tons in 1873 to 630,000 tons in 1878. In steel made by the Siemens-Martin process the rate of advance in America had been from 3,500 tons in 1873 to 38,000 tons in last year; in Great Britain the advance had been only from 77,000 to 174,000 tons.

It is greatly to be regretted that the manufacture of steel in England should thus have failed to advance, as compared with that of America; and it is in the highest degree important that the English makers should spare no effort to prevent their competitors from passing them, as it becomes every day more and more evident that for many purposes steel is likely to supplant iron. Especially does it seem likely to take the place of the weaker material in the construction of ships. That steel shipbuilding, which has increased considerably of late, will probably continue to increase at a very rapid rate, is apparently the opinion of those who are fully competent to speak on the subject; and to the utterances of a very eminent authority we propose now briefly to draw attention, as the apposite facts stated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* give them the greatest weight. If ships are to be built of steel, the manufacturers of that material in England must not fall behind those of America, or else one of the principal trades of this country, already in a state of depression, will yet further decline. That steel will be largely required for shipbuilding seems now almost beyond a doubt, and perhaps it will one day replace iron as completely as iron has replaced wood.

We have spoken of steel ships previously when commenting on a discussion which took place at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in Paris last summer. Misled, however, by an inaccurate account of the proceedings, the official report of which had not then appeared, we were not aware of what the Chief Constructor of the Navy had said in favour of the manufactured metal. One objection to the use of steel which has been frequently alleged is that it corrodes more rapidly in salt water than iron does, and on the existence or non-existence of such a defect in steel Mr. Barnaby's opinion must be considered as almost conclusive. He did not, as might be gathered in the account to which we have referred, speak as though the result of the experiments made under his direction had not been favourable to steel; on the contrary, he said that, so far as these experiments went, "steel was at least as good, and it appeared to him to be better, than iron." This statement is of very high importance, for there can be no doubt that the matter concerning which he thus expressed himself is of the greatest moment. If steel is liable to more rapid corrosion than iron, there is a terrible danger; for steel plates, thinner than those of iron, might be very quickly eaten through. It appears, however, from what the Chief Constructor said at the meeting above-mentioned, that he is not apprehensive of this danger; and a subsequent statement of his seems to make it clear that, if due care is taken, rapid corrosion of steel is not to be feared. Care is indeed necessary, for steel often has undoubtedly one grave though remediable defect, of which mention was made in our previous article. There is frequently on portions of steel plates a black oxide produced in the rolling; and when the plates are immersed a galvanic action is set up between the parts thus covered and the bare parts, which Mr. Barnaby, in a paper of which we shall shortly speak, states to be as strong and continuous as that produced by iron and copper. This black oxide has of course to be removed, and then steel, seemingly, is not more corrosible than iron; perhaps it is even less so. Considering, however, the great importance of the subject, it would be well if more experiments were made as to the comparative corrosion of these two substances.

Apart from this supposed liability to quick destruction, other faults have been said to render steel unfit for use in the construction of ships.

Some of these were perhaps imaginary, some have been got rid of, and others still exist, but will very possibly be got rid of. What has been done and what may be done were considered at the last meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, when a highly interesting discussion followed the reading of a paper by Mr. Barnaby on "The Use of Steel in Naval Construction." It need hardly be said that on this subject Mr. Barnaby speaks with exceptional authority. His position as Chief Constructor to the Admiralty gives him the best opportunities for judging of the good and bad qualities of the metal. Moreover, he is entirely impartial in the matter, which many of the other experts are not. We do not mean for an instant to imply that they do not make every endeavour to judge the question fairly; but the views taken by the most conscientious men are often—unavoidably and without their knowledge—biased by the fact that their interests are all on one side. Mr. Barnaby's only interest in the matter is to discover what is the best material for building Her Majesty's ships, and his paper may be looked on as carrying more weight than anything that has yet appeared as to the fitness of steel for the construction of vessels. On the whole, his opinion appears to be decidedly in favour of the manufactured metal, and he anticipates that it will sooner or later supplant iron, for he says that "the new material is destined, no doubt, to take the place of iron in the future"; but at the same time he gives useful warnings, proposing, as he himself says, to do good by finding fault, and points out that there are yet some defects in steel to be remedied. Of these, which are not trifling, mention will be made presently; but it is best to speak first of the good results achieved in the manufacture of mild steel, to which Mr. Barnaby was able to testify. One evil apprehended with steel plates was the weakening of the plates by lines of rivet-holes, and it was thought that sheets of steel ought to be submitted to the process of annealing after punching, if they were to be made perfectly trustworthy. It had even been proposed that the holes should be drilled instead of punched, a manner of working which would not be practicable in many shipyards. Mr. Barnaby gives a summary of a series of experiments from which it appeared that steel made by the "open hearth" process did not require annealing after punching, as, with the holes countersunk nearly, but not quite through, the plates were almost as strong when unannealed as when annealed; and he states, as the conclusion drawn from a number of tests to which the metal had been subjected, that "well-made steel, punched and countersunk through and unannealed, has 50 per cent. more strength through a line of rivet-holes than iron has." In one kind of strength, therefore, of the greatest importance in shipbuilding, steel is largely superior to iron. Its superiority in other kinds of strength has been shown by a variety of tests.

Unmistakably great, then, are some of the advantages obtained by using steel instead of iron; while there does not at present appear to be any substantial proof whatever of the alleged danger to be apprehended from steel on account of its more rapid rate of corrosion. Mr. Barnaby says, in the passage to which we have already referred, that it has been found, "by a series of trials extending over about three and a half years, that the rates of oxidation of three plates of iron of the same brand differed more among themselves than they differed from steel; that when the surfaces of steel plates are carefully freed from the black oxide produced in the rolls, by a wash of weak acid, or otherwise, the surface corrosion in salt water is very uniform." So far, therefore, as modern knowledge goes—and further knowledge might well be gained by experiment—there does not appear to be danger of rapid, irregular corrosion. It must not be supposed, however, that mild steel, as now produced, is altogether free from the defects which it has been said to possess, or that these might not be at times a source of considerable danger. Mr. Barnaby states that steel angle bars have certain faults not discoverable by the Admiralty tests, which certainly appear to be of the most severe kind. Bars of the best steel which had withstood all the test conditions have, he says, in some cases broken without apparent cause or from a trifling blow or strain; and he adds, naturally enough, that, so long as these characteristics of steel bars remain, iron will probably be preferred. Facts similar to those which he adduced were referred to by one of the surveyors of Lloyd's, who took part in the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Barnaby's paper; and though the statements of the latter were criticized by members of the Institute, there can be no doubt of their correctness. It seems clear that mild steel bars occasionally, though very rarely, fail in an unexpected manner, and that a serious defect in the metal has not yet been altogether got rid of; but this fact, though certainly not to be overlooked, is little likely to prevent the use of steel in shipbuilding from extending with great rapidity. As already stated, Mr. Barnaby seems to anticipate that it will replace iron; and the object of those parts of his paper in which he spoke of the faults of the manufactured metal was, it would seem, merely to prevent a too hasty assumption that nothing more remained to be done, and to point out that there are still some grave defects to be overcome before steel can be looked upon as a perfectly suitable material for the construction of vessels. In all probability these defects will be overcome; and, indeed, in Mr. Barnaby's paper means of preventing them were suggested. When these faults have been got rid of it is clear that steel will be in every way superior to iron; and that, if only it can be produced cheaply enough, it must inevitably take the place of iron. That it will be produced



cheaply enough in other countries, if not in this, there can be little doubt; and it is of the most vital importance that our manufacturers should not allow themselves to be outstripped in the race. At present, as has been shown, the Americans are overtaking them rapidly. Nearer home there is rivalry to be feared, as the French steel-makers are now in some respects ahead of the English. That the latter may be able to regain lost ground is much to be desired. If steel is to supplant iron in ship-building, England will be in danger of losing her lead in a great branch of industry unless English steel is quite as good and quite as cheap as that of other countries; and probably it will not be only in the construction of ships that steel will take the place of iron.

#### SUMMER RACING.

AS there is no pleasure on earth without its drawbacks, so good racing goes with a changeable climate. It is not to be enjoyed under the skies of the sunny South, and it is one of the sports that Anglo-manics in the United States can never hope to acclimatize. You dare not risk the back-sinews of a two-year-old on a "track" that reminds one of hard-baked brick in a state of semi-combustion; and even on the continent of Europe and near the coasts of the Channel it is difficult to keep a course in such order as shall assure even tolerable "going." So, if we must lay our account in England with the day's fun that we have been looking forward to being spoilt by some sudden outbreak of the elements, we should remember that, were it not for contingencies of this kind, we could never even speculate on a Derby day or an Ascot week. We are speaking, of course, of occasional holiday-makers and amateurs—not of the professionals, who must be punctual in their attendance, and who are chiefly concerned with the forecasts of the weather prophets in so far as these affect the prospects of the horses. If a man cares in the hope of pleasure to go to one of the meetings in the late autumn or the very early spring, that is his own look-out. He should be able to guess pretty shrewdly at the odds against his being happy. The chances almost amount to a certainty of a bitter wind that shrivels everybody, and makes the silken jackets of the jockeys seem singularly miserable wear; perhaps of a driving sleet or rain that soaks through the overcoat and chills you to the marrow. You cannot help admiring the pluck of those wasted and wizened-looking little men, who are helped into their cold, wet "pigskins," and manfully gather up the dripping reins in fingers that must surely be cramped and chilled. To sit, in such circumstances, a pulling thoroughbred whose temper has been fretted in a series of false starts, or perhaps even lashed into positive frenzy by the hailstones that sting him through his silken coat, appears a triumph of resolution which approaches the heroic. Were it not that the habit of facing any particular sort of danger goes for so much, and that you have hardly sympathy to spare for the troubles of others, you would shudder at the ugly rushes over the slippery ground, where the slightest cannoning in the ruck might cause a complication of accidents. As it is, in spite of stamping with the feet you scarcely feel, of swinging your arms, smoking countless cigars, and making frequent application to stimulants, it is all you can do to keep the blood in circulation—unless, indeed, you have been backing the runners for more money than you can afford, when, temporarily at least, you may feel feverish enough, though possibly at the expense of a subsequent reaction. Though sinking nature may stand in need of sustenance, there is no jovial banqueting in the open air. You take your refreshments sadly at a crowded counter, where indigestion waits on ill-satisfied appetite; and when the closing shadows of the evening warn you off the course, you are only too thankful that your outing is over.

At worst, however, you are not greatly disappointed, since experience must have warned you of what you might expect. But if you propose to attend one of the summer meetings, you involuntarily put in for a weather-lottery, whether or not you have entered for a sweep. The weather will make all the difference between pleasure and intense depression. Take one of those brilliant field days which are specially affected by the ladies—the Oaks or the Cup days at Ascot or Goodwood. No doubt there is a good deal of brisk business going forward; horses have been entered by owners excited by cupidity or actuated by "the last infirmity of noble minds"; books have been made that are far beyond the means of gentlemen whose pulses are beating wildly; and the bookmakers, vociferous, as they invariably are, will find a fair proportion of dupes. But the recognized betting and racing element is merged in the general public; and the prayer of ninety-nine persons in a hundred is that the sun may smile serenely on the scene, whatever may happen to particular horses. Fine weather, indeed, means meat and drink to the motley hangers-on of the course. Even the shoeblacks cannot do a decent business if the gathering is standing ankle-deep in mud, for then the most fastidious of dandies get reckless as to the polish of their sodden boots. The lads with the clothes-brushes may fold their arms; the draggled fortune-tellers find their occupation gone, for the couples who might otherwise patronize them are sullenly chary of their sixpences, and, absorbed in the discomforts of the present, are profoundly indifferent to the future. The violins of the wandering minstrels are unstrung, and there is the hoarse wailing of a dirge in the monotonous grinding of the barrel-organs. The young

ladies in spangles and the mountebanks before the booths waste their graces, jests, and eloquence on umbrellas and impervious mackintoshes; and the giants and dwarfs and other *lusus nature* are left to unwelcome privacy under their coverings of leaky canvas. The hampers in the carriages are half heaped over with waterproofs and wrappings; and the melancholy revellers make snatches at *poulet à l'eau* and soused salmon and mayonnaises, as if they were lunching on the decks of a channel steamer in the wash of a heavy gale. The only people who do a satisfactory trade are the publicans, and the results of the excessive sale of intoxicating liquors are to be seen later in the day in promiscuous rioting and drunkenness.

This is the sombre side of the summer picture, when, in the sadness that follows a misspent day, you feel that you had far better have stayed at home. But then, on the other hand, you might have made a deplorable mistake had you been deterred by the threatnings of the weather in the morning. For the very perfection of an enjoyable summer meeting, so far at least as the mere pleasure-seekers are concerned, is when a brilliant day in June or July has been ushered in by heavy rains in the night. For dust is the curse of a settled summer; and we should say that rain and wind are decidedly preferable, except for those who love a pretext to indulge at each road-side public-house. The dust that hangs over the road in clouds reminds those who have travelled in the East of the oppressiveness of a desert sandstorm. It penetrates between the clothes and the person; it drifts its way into the hampers, and gives a gritty flavour to the fowls and the salads; it envelops the leaves of the trees, till they look as if they had been peppered for grilling in the sunshine; and it hangs floating in opaque veils between the aching eyes and the landscape. How different it is when the sun comes breaking through the clouds after your spirits have been depressed by gloomy skies and a persistent downpour! The charm of the unhoped-for surprise disposes you to double cheerfulness. We may imagine you getting up on a drag in the Royal Borough of Windsor to drive through the Park to the Heath at Ascot. Though the haze is still hanging on the distant horizon, the middle distance stands out in brilliant purity. The air, though slightly damp, is light and fresh and buoyant. The fresh foliage loaded with the raindrops is sparkling in the warm sunbeams; the blossoms on the clumps of the thorn-trees fill the air with their luscious fragrance; a volume of song comes from the copses and from under the great boughs of the oaks. There is no poetical sense of solitude, it is true; on the contrary, it is rather a case of *urbis in rure*. The broad avenue is crowded with every description of vehicle, from the drag and dashing barouche down to vans and spring-carts and donkey-traps. But all the occupants are in high good-humour, and, as your equipage gives humbler carriages the go-by, there is no tinge of the bitterness of socialism in the flying chaff that is interchanged. As the grassy heath stands high and dry, the atmosphere there is proportionately exhilarating; and by this time the sky has cleared of clouds, and the translucent serenity of the blue overhead seems to reflect itself in the spirits of the crowds beneath it. You hardly object to being hustled, and bear having your toes trodden upon (in moderation) with seraphic complacency. The hands of the happy and well-to-do are being perpetually thrust into their pockets, and the souls of the poor, deserving and otherwise, are being gladdened by largesses of coppers and sixpences. The showmen do a tremendous stroke of business between the events; and the musicians, vocal and instrumental, reap a harvest beyond their most sanguine dreams. Digestion waits upon hearty appetite, and the feasting among the carriage parties is gargantuan. Most men who have passed middle age must make up their minds to lay up some cause for repentance on the morrow; and we should recommend confirmed dyspeptics to stay away. For the most temperate man who has a considerable circle of acquaintances can hardly help committing himself, however austere may be his principles. It is not that you eat or drink from sheer gluttony or love of wine-bibbing; but that you are irresistibly carried away by the contagion of good fellowship in a rush of old and jovial associations. The hamper from Fortnum and Mason carries you back in memory for a dozen or twenty years. It boots not that since then you have come to lunch habitually on a biscuit or two, washed down with Apollinaris or Seltzer slightly laced with cognac. On this merry anniversary, as you feel rejuvenated in the spirit, you find yourself plying the old knife and fork; and somehow, by a kindly arrangement of Providence, it does not do you altogether the harm you might apprehend. For you are younger by a dozen of years for the moment, thanks to the air of the Heath or Downs, to the lively chat and the pleasant company, to the genial excitement of the racing, in which you have no serious pecuniary concern. It is impossible to refuse the challenges to pledge your friends, as you are hailed from time to time by some old or half-forgotten acquaintance. Then for once you have the charitable conviction that you are revelling without unnecessary waste. For after the servants have shared the contents of the hamper there are plenty of hungry mouths on the outlook to devour the fragments of the feast; and rustic Bohemians and Street Arabs of both sexes for once in their lives pick the ribs of fore-quarters of lamb, and are in raptures over the succulence of galantine and raised pies. As for the general aspect of the course, setting the charms of landscape aside altogether, nothing can well be more gay or enchanting. The lines and tiers of drags and carriages are festooned with the gayest and freshest of summer toilets. There are bright and beaming faces under becoming hats and bonnets; and everything is lit

up by the sunshine and the radiance of laughing good-humour. We do not say that, as the day draws to a close, there may not be sights and sounds that we would very willingly dispense with. But, on the whole, human nature being what it is, England has little reason to be ashamed of her eminently characteristic racing holidays. Longchamps, or the pretty course at Baden-Baden, can show nothing in the most distant degree resembling them. For abroad the crowds of sightseers come to look on at a spectacle; while with us the spectacle is made by the mobs of people who participate in it; and the assemblage is largely leavened by enthusiasts who take a genuine interest in the sport of the day, though their actual stakes may be inconsiderable.

#### ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES.

THE recently issued Report of the Comptroller in Bankruptcy furnishes the strongest condemnation of the little zeal displayed by the Government in pushing forward the Lord Chancellor's Bankruptcy Bill. It was hoped that the events of the autumn, and the City memorial to the Prime Minister, would supply a motive for really trying to amend the law upon this subject. There could no longer be a pretence that the matter did not interest an influential public. And there was no absorbing topic before the country to prevent Parliament from addressing itself to useful legislation. However, in spite of the Attorney-General's assurances, we fear we must now accept as inevitable another postponement of the subject; but a fourth session ought not to be allowed to pass away without an earnest attempt to carry a measure which will do at least as much as the Lord Chancellor's Bill proposes. The necessity for this may be easily shown. The present Bankruptcy Act came into operation at the beginning of 1870, and in that year the total number of bankruptcies of all classes was 6,353; last year the number had risen to 12,534. In the nine years, that is, there was an increase of 6,181, or as nearly as possible one hundred per cent., being at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum. The 12,534 debtors who last year failed in their obligations to their creditors owed altogether in round numbers 30 millions sterling; while their whole assets were reckoned at no more than 9 millions, less than one-third of the liabilities; and the Comptroller states that the valuation is likely to prove excessive, as probably the assets will not realize over 6½ millions. The costs and other deductions are estimated to amount to another million and a half, so that the total loss to the creditors in a single year may be set down at 25 millions. And it is to be borne in mind that the Irish and Scotch bankruptcies are not included in these colossal figures; in other words, they are not swollen by the City of Glasgow failure. We need hardly insist upon the heavy tax which bankruptcies on this scale impose upon the trade of the country. Compared with it the Poor-rate is a mere trifle. Even a shilling Income-tax, though extending to all classes, and to the whole United Kingdom, would not produce so enormous a sum; while this tax falls upon England alone, and upon those only who are engaged in trade. It is certainly not an exaggeration to say that the shortening of the hours of labour and the rise in the rate of wages of which we used to hear so much do less injury to the country's industry. For this system of bankruptcy strikes at the root of credit, which is the indispensable condition of a prosperous trade.

We have seen that the number of bankruptcies has doubled during the last nine years; but what is even more remarkable is that the increase went on quite as rapidly during the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war as during the years of depression which have since ensued; in other words, that the growth of bankruptcy has gone on alike in prosperity and adversity, and that consequently it has been unaffected by the state of trade. The conclusion is inevitable that its cause is in the existing bankruptcy law. Another point, not less serious, nor less deserving of attention, is that the growth has occurred exclusively in the amicable bankruptcies. As our readers are aware, a person who is unable or unwilling to meet his obligations may be adjudicated a bankrupt, or he may liquidate by arrangement with his creditors, or he may compound with them. It is a startling fact that, while the aggregate of all three classes has doubled in the last nine years, the adjudications have actually decreased from 1,353 to 1,084, or about 20 per cent. At first sight this would seem to prove that winding-up under the Court is not popular, and that an amicable liquidation is preferred by creditors. But this only shows how misleading statistics may be in the absence of adequate knowledge to interpret them aright. As a matter of fact, the correct inference is that the principle upon which the existing bankruptcy law was based has broken down upon trial. However true it may be as an abstract proposition that a man is the best judge of his own interests, and may be trusted to pursue them, it is by no means true, and certainly does not follow, that creditors are the most competent parties to take charge of bankruptcy proceedings. Creditors have businesses of their own to attend to, which usually require their whole care. When a debt is small, it is not worth the while of a busy man to trouble himself about it. By doing so, he will probably lose much more than he will gain, very possibly he may have to neglect important transactions. If, on the other hand, the debt is large, it is extremely undesirable to call public attention to the circumstance. The creditors are themselves traders, and credit is to them the condition of success. But, if it

be widely known that they have lost heavily by a bankruptcy, they may themselves fall under suspicion. They may find their bills looked shyly upon, may have bankers calling upon them to increase their margins, and may experience a difficulty in obtaining advances. Hence it may be the most prudent thing that a trader can do to hide a bad debt, or, if that is impossible, to say as little as may be about it. And the larger the debt, and the weaker the creditor, the more obvious is this prudence. Hence we saw the Glasgow Bank bolstering up firms long after they had become insolvent. And the same was done by the West of England Bank. At the present moment, indeed, proceedings in every respect similar to these are going on all over the country. Every man of business, with ordinary intelligence and having good sources of information, knows of several such cases. Yet the existing Bankruptcy Act was based on the assumption that the best way to prevent fraud in trade is to give to creditors full control over their insolvent debtors. It is one more illustration—unfortunately there are too many—of the mistaken application of the fundamental principle of political economy.

As the whole number of bankruptcies has doubled, and as, at the same time, those on creditors' petitions have decreased, it follows that the liquidations by arrangement and the compositions have more than doubled. The reason of this is, as we have just seen, that creditors will not take the trouble or do not deem it expedient in the great majority of cases to institute proceedings, and that these are conducted solely in the interest of the defaulting debtors and of the class of solicitors and accountants who devote themselves to this peculiar kind of business. The debtor puts himself in the hands of one of these gentlemen, who undertakes to see him through. The latter canvasses the creditors, expatiates upon the cost of litigation, persuades them that an amicable arrangement is the best, and obtains a sufficient number of proxies to control the meeting of creditors, which is duly called, often at the most inconvenient place that can be chosen. He then appoints himself trustee, and does as he pleases with the estate. There is no supervision, no power of control, no auditing of accounts even. It is not surprising, then, that compositions are seldom effected, and are growing rarer and rarer, when liquidation is likely to be profitable to the canvasser. If he were to allow of a composition, he would get nothing for his pains. And it is equally little surprising that the liquidations should yield results disappointing to the creditors. Accordingly we find last year that "out of 4,010 compounding debtors 1,911, or nearly one-half, paid compositions not exceeding 2s. 6d., and probably not averaging 1s. 6d. in the pound, or about one-fourteenth part of the amount they owed their creditors, while only four in every hundred offered to pay more than half of their debts." And the vast increase in the compositions has been precisely in the worst classes. In fact, those in which not more than a shilling in the pound was paid have increased in the nine years over 900 per cent. But the liquidations by arrangement, as was to have been expected, show far greater abuses even than the compositions. In the case of these what was paid at least went to the creditors, for the reason, as we have already observed, that it was not worth the while of agents to trouble with such small transactions; but the liquidations they were able to manipulate for their own benefit. Accordingly we are told that "nearly half the liquidating debtors gave up nothing more than enough to defray the expenses of carrying a resolution allowing them to liquidate."

We have said that the increase in the number of bankruptcies has been exclusively in the compositions and liquidations; but it has been much greater in the latter than in the former, and for the reason that we stated above. If anything more were needed to prove that the state of the law is the prime cause of the mischief, it may be found in the fact that "in some of the largest commercial centres, as London, Birmingham, Manchester, &c., the number of insolvencies increased very rapidly through the years of highest prosperity to a practical maximum in the years 1872 or 1873, with no further average increase through the worst years till the year 1878." Before we close, there is one other point to which it is desirable to direct attention. We refer to the unchecked control now allowed to trustees over the funds which they receive. The Comptroller in Bankruptcy estimates that the balances actually at the disposal of trustees cannot be much less than five millions. The interest on this enormous fund is lost both to the creditors and to the public, and, what is much more serious, there is no real guarantee for the security of the funds themselves. "So long as the amount of a trustee's business continues it is impossible to know how his affairs stand; he may go on from year to year making payments on account of older matters from funds received on account of new matters, and it may be feared that they would not be able, if called upon, to produce the amount of funds for which they are accountable." This surely is a state of affairs which ought not to be allowed to continue. To establish an audit of these accounts ought not to be beyond the ability of Parliament, even at the flag end of a session.

#### BRONZES AND IVORIES AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB

IF it be true that we become more familiar with the principles of art, and more apt in judging its qualities, by observing many branches than by confining ourselves to one, then the exhibition which the courtesy of the Committee of the Burlington



Club now opens to its visitors should be welcomed as a special education to the eye. For it is very unusual to see collected together so rich and typical a display of the two forms of art perhaps most neglected in modern Europe. Sculpture in ivory, the first skilled handicraft invented by man, and always precocious in its development, came to its perfection early in the middle ages, while painting was still in its infancy, and it has never since taken a very prominent place in art. Bronze, on the other hand, the special glory of the ancients, revived with the Renaissance, and flourished, especially in Italy, for three centuries; nor is it ever likely to fall entirely out of repute for heroic and monumental use. It is precisely in mediæval ivories and in metal-work of the Tuscan school that the present collection is rich; and the visitor has therefore an unusual opportunity of studying some of the best work of this kind done in modern Europe.

Of antique bronzes the gallery contains a fair sprinkling, but few very notable examples. A statuette of Venus (165), belonging to Mr. Drury Fortnum, is the most important of these. This charming figure, which holds in one hand an imperfect object, which the catalogue considers to be a wreath, was found near Stratoniceia, in Caria, in 1841, and has been attributed to one of the disciples of Praxiteles. The head is particularly beautiful, but the figure is a little stunted, and the feet are surprisingly out of drawing. Among the antiques in the first cabinet must, moreover, not be overlooked the curious light green figure (5), called a "Temple Attendant," an Etruscan statuette of a draped personage, with a chaplet round the head of large erect leaves, making the face like the disc of a sunflower. It would be interesting to discover the exact meaning of the strange Greek bronze (120), which seems to represent a youth in the extremest emaciation; he sits in an attitude of utter exhaustion, as if in pain, and the garment which has fallen about his knees displays the sunken skin clinging about the ribs. There is an indistinct legend on the base. The figure may be a votive offering placed in the temple of some god after a severe illness, and may present the portrait of the invalid.

Among the Renaissance bronzes the eye immediately lights on the bold figure of "David" (78), the largest statue in the room, half the height of a man. This work is considered to have been sketched by Michel Angelo, and actually carried out by Benedetto di Rovezzano. It possesses extraordinary qualities of power and vivacity; the youth advances in the most spirited manner, with an elastic movement of the feet, and prepares to fit the stone, which the left hand no longer holds, into the sling, grasped tightly in the right. The surface of this statue is highly polished. To the same, or a slightly earlier period, belong some very charming reductions and reproductions from the antique. Of these one of the finest is the "Athlete holding a Vase" (20), lent by Mr. Montague Taylor, which is taken from a marble figure now in the Uffizj. The Gladiator of Agasias was a very favourite subject with the Italian copyists, and no less than three versions of it are to be found at the Burlington Club. Of these the earliest and finest is that contributed by Lord Elcho (331), which has unfortunately received considerable damage.

The cabinet which stands at the head of the room, and which borrows its treasures entirely from the collection of Mr. Drury Fortnum, contains some of the choicest specimens. Here is the antique Venus of which we have already spoken, and here the two inkstands (164 and 166) by the great German master Peter Vischer, which caused so much discussion among art critics a few months ago. On the first of these singular works the date 1525 is engraved; in each a naked woman supports a vase, and the same motto is to be found on each. Apart from the historical interest of these objects, they possess an ornamental value at that time rare in the vigorous and realistic work of Germany. It is moreover instructive to see the artist of the famous Shrine of St. Sebald turning from the grand monumental work that made him famous to purely domestic art. The large Italian inkstand (173), though far more elaborate in design, has less positive beauty. The composition of nymph, satyr, and amorino has little cohesion, and the winged creatures that support the base have a thoroughly rococo character. At the same time the workmanship is particularly excellent. Among the charming bas-reliefs and plaques in Cabinet VI., one design of Hercules and the Nemean Lion (201) is executed with special vigour. The elliptical plaque representing a nymph milking her breast into a rhyton (215), is a study by Donatello for the famous Martelli Mirror, completed about 1450, and now at South Kensington. These plaques were commonly pictorial in their character; the St. Sebastian (196), here conjecturally assigned to Bartolomeo Montagna, has all the appearance of being the copy of an altar-painting.

The visitor must not fail to notice the two magnificent candlesticks (169 and 175), models of vigorous and decisive design, attributed to Antonio Pollojuolo. The rich simplicity of the arabesque work in the latter, and the variety of fancy displayed in the stem of the former, are beyond praise. Mr. John Malcolm lends a very singular steel casket (132), which belonged to the Medici family; it is formed on the plan of a temple, the panel-walls being very prettily decorated with scrolls and garlands. Among the bas-reliefs two must especially be mentioned—a replica (91) of the panel in the bronze base at the Uffizj, which Gage ascribes to Vittorio Ghiberti, and a flight of loves (187), of very late date, but in the prettiest style of the Caracci. We have no space to do more than indicate a grand crucifix (260), mounted on ebony, by John of Bologna, which originally belonged to Cardinal Pandolfini, and afterwards came into the possession of the Orleans family; a knocker (309), of monstrous and fanciful design, taken

from the Grimani Palace in Venice; an exquisite hand-bell (320), attributed to Verrocchio, round which a frieze of children dances, rocking and swaying with the pulse of the bell, so exquisitely modelled that it seems like a plastic semblance of the sound itself, the handle being a boy striking a noisy tambourine while he laughs aloud; and the Florentine bust (79) of a girl bending forward, a head full of vivacity and charm.

For the student of history the table-cases, containing medals of the best age, will possess the highest interest. There is collected here a rare assemblage of works by the prince of medalists, Vittore Pisano, the date of whose death, by the way, is given too early by the catalogue. Our National Gallery, it will be remembered, contains the only known example of an artist whose canvases were once as famous as his medals—whose use of blue, according to Vasari, was unapproached. His medals exhibit a genius for portraiture so very marked that we cannot but regret the disappearance of his paintings. The Don Inigo d'Avalos (428), for instance, with its unflinching characterization of the cunning, sensual, and powerful head, is as valuable, in its own way, as any portrait of Velasquez. In one instance (440) we have the good fortune to possess the profile of the artist himself. The portrait of Alfonso V., the Conqueror of Naples (431), is extremely striking. None of the medals of Matteo de' Pasti, which lie in the same case, approach Pisano's for delicacy of modelling or mastery of the human countenance; but two portraits (443, 444) of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta deserve the most careful attention. In fact, in these medals we read the history of the despots of Central Italy retold, and with the utmost truth. The unsigned medals in Table-Case B are even richer in types of an historic kind. The large, earnest face and strong, square head of Pico della Mirandola (464); a medal, feebler as a work of art, but of extreme interest, representing the wasted lines of the countenance of Cosmo de' Medici (466); the head of Maria de' Medici (499), in a very florid style, but extremely delicate in finish; and the portrait of Niccolò d'Este, of Ferrara (481), are all exceedingly noteworthy. But the great treasures of this case are the sensitive and brilliant outline of Giovanni Bellini (480), by Vittore Gambello; Alfonso d'Este I. (470), the husband of Lucrezia Borgia, taken by Niccolò Fiorentino when the young Duke was in his seventeenth year; the medal representing the famous poetess Vittoria Colonna in advanced life, and with features remarkable rather for wit than beauty; Gentile Bellini's portrait of the terrible Sultan Mahomet II. (463), into whose keeping the famous Venetian timidly trusted his life for a season; the chiselled features and long beard of Bembo, adorning a medal (478), by Benvenuto Cellini; and the head of Hippolyta Gonzaga (486), signed by Leon Aretinos. A full-faced portrait of Charles V., wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece (494), has the peculiarity of being a medal in ivory. A bronze medal of Francis I. (498), certainly by Benvenuto Cellini, is yet work of a rough and unattractive kind.

We have left ourselves but little space to discuss the ivories; yet the three frames of ivory plaques which stand on the mantel-shelf would alone more than repay a visit to the Burlington Club. It seems uncertain in what order the subjects of the central frames were originally arranged. Perhaps they were placed side by side and formed the predella of some little altar-piece in ivory, or stood below a crucifix. Above each subject, drawn from the life of Christ, rise architectural traceries of the most delicate refinement. The catalogue refers these works to the fourteenth century; perhaps the thirteenth would be a more probable conjecture. In Cabinet II. two small ivory statues of a man and of a woman (68) have extraordinary merit; they possess a certain air of Diirer's work, and were probably executed by some Bavarian artist of the following generation. The fine bust of Locke (70), standing between these statues, should not be overlooked. The vase lent by Mr. J. C. Jackson (57) is very sweet and chaste in character, and bears the appearance of being English in construction. In Cabinet VII. the group of St. George and the Dragon (269) is very charming, but certainly two centuries later in date than the catalogue states. The little plaque behind it, representing the Angel of the Resurrection conversing with the Maries, is barbarous in execution, but probably much later in date than its appearance would suggest. It may be compared with the well-known tomb in Lincoln Cathedral. The oldest European ivory in the collection is undoubtedly the very interesting tablet (266) contributed by Mr. Bowyer, the archaic character of the emblems in the lower angles pointing to a very early Byzantine school.

The lovely statuette of Virgin and Child (273), lent by Mr. W. J. Loftie, is certainly English of the thirteenth century, and very sweet and refined in character. It may without much danger be held that the Devotional Tablet (271) betrays itself by its trimness and facile elegance as being a clever modern forgery. By its side stands the beautiful Hispano-Moresque Coffret (270), which is the gem of the cabinet. This is the work of an artist who signs himself Khalaf, and who has placed round the top a Cufic inscription, as follows:—

It is more beautiful than a casket adorned with diamonds. It serves to contain precious spices, musk, camphor, and ambergris. There is nothing for me so admirable as the sight of it. It inspires me with constancy to support the troubles which happen in my house.

It seems probable that this coffret was originally adorned with jewels—perhaps turquoises—which have apparently been removed from the deep circular centres of the scrolls. The interesting figure of St. Margaret (283), evidently English work, is plainly seen to be later than the reign of Edward IV., by the fact that the saint

wears the costume which was known in heraldic language as the *flaunche*, the robe being cut away in a curve above the flanks. Cabinet IX. contains some very striking examples of the carving of the last great sculptor in ivory, Fiamingo. A plaque (370), representing the Rape of Helen, is from a design by Hans Sebald Beham, and of special interest to students of the Little Masters. Finally we must point out that the ivory head of an Egyptian King (290), with an ebony beard, can have no similarity of type with that of the wooden statue of which a photograph is set beside it, since the former belongs to a totally different epoch, after the adoption of a conventional type, and was produced at least two thousand years later.

#### THE OPERAS.

AMONGST the many new singers who have appeared this season, we may select Mlle. Vanzandt for special notice, both on account of her own merits and also because we feel very strongly that her appearance in London is a considerable risk. She has been heard in several parts; but we propose to select her performance of Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro* for our remarks. Her voice is of good quality; her method of producing it excellent, and she is already a vocalist of more than ordinary fluency and skill. Her dramatic instincts are strong and true, as is shown both by her expression in singing and by her bright and intelligent, if as yet somewhat unskilful, acting, and, above all, by her complete absorption in her part. To criticize her performance in detail would occupy too much space; suffice it to say that she went through all the traditional "business" of the part so as to give it the appearance of perfect spontaneity, and never left off acting for one instant whilst on the stage. Her power as an artistic singer was perhaps best shown by her almost perfect singing of the air "Voi che sapete," which was not only all that could be wished as a piece of vocalization, but in the expression of which Mlle. Vanzandt exactly hit the line between coldness and exaggeration. But yet, as we have said, this is a dangerous experiment. To expose the voice of a singer so young as is Mlle. Vanzandt to the strain of singing in so large a theatre as Her Majesty's is to run serious risk of ruining it for ever. The vocal organs are very delicate pieces of living machinery; and, whilst they demand exercise for their proper development, yet fatigue, especially in youth, destroys them.

As yet no ill effect has been produced; but, with the example of Mlle. Zaré Thalberg before us, we cannot help fearing that a very promising artist may too probably be ruined unless she has the courage to abandon for a time the success which she has achieved in the hopes of ensuring a long career in her profession. We cannot say much for the general performance of the opera. Probably the terrible state of the weather had affected the singers; for, with the exceptions of Mlle. Vanzandt and Signor Galassi (Figaro), all the principal performers sang painfully out of tune throughout the evening.

At Covent Garden *L'Africaine* has been produced. Of the music of Meyerbeer's last work we need only say that the oftener we hear it the more we feel the great genius of its composer, and the less importance do we attach to its occasional want of finish and to the frequent plagiarisms of which he has been guilty. The performance was, on the whole, good, thanks in a great measure to the—to us—very unexpected display of power on the part of Signor Vianesi, who on this occasion conducted admirably. Not only was his beat sharp and well accented, but he seemed to have gained complete control over his band and chorus. Selika, of course, was sung by Mme. Patti. There is nothing in the music of this part which in any way calls upon her marvellous power of vocal execution, but still there are many passages which show her power of musical expression, particularly of tenderness, which has made such great advances of late years, and which was beautifully shown in her delivery of the beautiful passage, "Silenzio . . . io voglio ancor . . . la vita a ti salvar . . . Indi m'obbiare se vuoi," in which Selika tells Vasco de Gama that she will save his life, and that then he may forget her if he will. But, in spite of all advantages of perfect vocalization, much musical dramatic feeling, and some display of histrionic power, we do not think that Mme. Patti can be accepted as a good representative of Selika. There is a want of power, and consequently of repose, about her acting in the more important situations which tends to destroy the effect of the whole impersonation. For example, those who can remember the wonderful effect produced by Mme. Pauline Lucca in the situation in which Selika confronts Nelusko when he is about to assassinate Vasco de Gama in the prison—which was produced simply by her stepping from behind the curtain and standing perfectly still, with one arm thrown across her breast—will at once feel how Mme. Patti misses a fine and obvious dramatic "point" by her restless moving about the stage. That she should not make a great success in this part is not a matter for surprise; for Selika is essentially an acting part, and requires an actress who would be great even if she were not a singer, and we do not think that even Mme. Patti's greatest admirers have ever claimed such a position for her. The music, again, ought not to present any difficulties to any well-trained dramatic singer, so that there is nothing to bring out those marvellous powers of vocalization which place Mme. Patti alone amongst modern sopranos.

The Nelusko was M. Lassalle, who appeared for the first time in

England, and who made a perfect and well-deserved success. His voice is of excellent quality; he sings thoroughly well, is entirely without the tremolo, and showed himself to be an actor of unusual ability—we doubt, indeed, whether this part has ever been better acted. Never, for one instant, does M. Lassalle cease from his close and jealous watch on Selika, and yet he gives full expression to all the passion and rage of Nelusko. His singing of the great song in the ship scene, "Adamastor . . . rè dell' onde," was admirable, and roused the house to real enthusiasm; but to our taste some of his smaller effects in the earlier parts of the opera were even more dramatic. For instance, in the passage in which Nelusko, before the Inquisition, refuses to say of what country he is his delivery of the words, "Che cosa importa allor da dove vien un uomo che sol sarà una bestia di soma" was absolutely perfect.

Mlle. Valleria's Inez was very good, both her singing and acting being artistic and effective; indeed she may be said to have made a very great success with the audience. We have before spoken of the merits of Signor Iginio Corsi; he has only as yet appeared in small parts, and in this opera sang the few bars allotted to Don Alvaro, but he again impressed us most favourably both as a singer and as an actor. The opera has been badly put on the stage. The magnificent spectacle which was seen at this house in the fourth act when that great master of stage effect, Mr. G. Harris, arranged the procession and ballets, is no longer displayed; and in the ship scene we fancy that we recognize the influence of that mind which conceived the astounding idea of changing Faust's laboratory into a modern broker's shop filled with sham eighteenth-century French furniture at the moment of Faust's transformation into a young man of the middle ages. When Nelusko advises that the vessel's course should be changed to a northerly one, two very small ropes, fastened apparently to the masthead, are slightly pulled on by a few boys, and then the ends are taken out of sight, apparently to be made fast to the bulwarks. A few men then cross the deck from side to side swinging a loose rope. Meanwhile other men roll about the cabin floor coils of still smaller rope, as if they were boys' hoops. We do not pretend to understand the full details of the rig and management of vessels of Vasco de Gama's period; but we still venture to think that none of these manoeuvres were practised on board of them, or indeed on board of any kind of craft that ever floated. This scene of course is difficult to put on the stage; but, if a stage-manager cannot invent some "business" tolerably like what would take place on ship-board, he had better let the situation and the scenery tell their own story, by which he will at all events escape the laughter of the audience. Signor Nicolini struggled manfully with the trying music of Vasco de Gama, but we cannot congratulate him on the result.

Mme. Gerster has appeared in *I Puritani*. She was so manifestly ill when we heard her, that we should have passed the performance over, were it not that we feel it due to her to notice the courage with which she overcame her weakness as far as her singing was concerned. This performance was also remarkable because Signor Campanini was in very good voice, and we once more heard that true tenor quality which he possesses, which increased our regret that faulty production and forcing should have so nearly destroyed so beautiful a voice. A few nights later Mme. Gerster, in full possession of her powers, sang Gilda in Verdi's *Rigoletto*. We pointed out the beauties of this performance last season; and need only say that it has decidedly improved. The Rigoletto was M. Roudil, who has a beautiful voice, and who sings well. Unfortunately his voice is disfigured by the tremolo which is now so common amongst singers. He has considerable power as an actor, and moves his audience powerfully; but he fails in the most unaccountable manner in some of the very strongest situations. Whilst nothing could be better than his acting during the fine scene in which Rigoletto dances, sings, and jests with the nobles whilst looking for signs of his daughter's presence in the Duke's palace, nothing could be weaker than his attempts to break his way through the crowd of courtiers in order to get to the room in which she is. And again, in the last act, M. Roudil makes nothing of the situation when Rigoletto, on opening the sack, discovers Gilda's body instead of the Duke's. His appearance is very good, though we cannot say that we think his device of padding his knees in order to indicate deformity is successful.

Mr. Mapleson has produced Verdi's *Aida*, which was amongst the new works announced in his prospectus. The cast was:—Radames, Signor Campanini; Amonasro, Signor Galassi; Ramphis, Signor Foli; Il Rè, Signor Susini; Amneris, Mme. Trebelli; Aida, Mlle. Kellogg. We noticed the music of this work at some length when it was first produced at Covent Garden. Greater familiarity with it in no way changes our opinion as to its many faults; but the oftener it is heard the more we feel that, in spite of these faults, it is the work of a great man. It is so long since Mlle. Kellogg was heard in London, that she comes before us almost as a new singer. We find that she has a voice of agreeable quality, though it shows signs of hard work, which probably has tended to produce the tremolo by which it is affected. As to her singing, it is good and expressive, and she is particularly successful in very piano passages. Mlle. Kellogg is also a good actress. Mme. Trebelli's performance was admirable; her singing of course was perfect, but her acting was even finer than we expected it would be. When Amneris discovers Aida's love for Radames, her expression of rage and hate by face, body, and voice at the words "Ah! trema! in cor ti lessi,



Tu l'ami," was admirable. Signor Galassi also distinguished himself by his capital performance of Amonasro, Aida's father. The opera has been magnificently put on the stage, the scenery especially being remarkably beautiful, whilst the ballets and general stage arrangement are admirable; in particular, we may notice the dancing of the three principal figures in the ballet in the second act. The general performance was excellent—band, chorus, and singers being all perfectly under the control of Sir Michael Costa, who conducted with his best power.

## REVIEWS.

### IMPRESSIONS OF THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.\*

IF the present volume cannot be said to add to its author's literary reputation, it does not detract from it. She is so conscientious a writer, so determined to give the reader her best-considered thought, she so scrupulously resists the temptation incident to popularity, of trading upon success, that everything she writes is characteristic of her peculiar powers. But perhaps readers who have keenly enjoyed her delineations of character as brought out in word and action, especially those which came first and freshest from her pen, will find less than they expected in a collection of sketches undertaken on another model. The title of the book provokes a comparison which the book itself hardly stands. Instead of the wide field of observation taken by Theophrastus and his great modern imitator La Bruyère, we find ourselves in a literary coterie. Thackeray, with his turn for destroying illusions, tells the more reverential class of his readers that, if they will go into what is especially understood as literary society, and will listen to its talk and scan its motives, they will not find it one whit superior to, or even intellectually above, that in which they habitually move. The same lesson is not deliberately taught in this volume; but the author seems penetrated by the same sentiment. Here and there, and especially at the end, the peculiar views associated with her name peep out, but most of the portraits are those of characters influenced not so much by opinion, whether heterodox or orthodox, as by personal considerations of feeling and interest. They are drawn with no more hidden motive than the indulgence of a keen insight into the weaknesses of human nature, especially as shown in the class that feels itself on a higher level than the mass—into the follies of thinkers, the jealousies, pretensions, ambitions, envyings, disappointments of would-be leaders of thought, into the conceit, the vanity, the avidity for praise of literary pretenders. Satire is necessarily the prevailing mood, but tempered by sympathy and pity for the victims of these qualities. The author evidently feels alike for Merman ruined by an idea—by concentration on the object of proving Grampus in the wrong about the Magicodumbas and the Zuzumotzis—and for his wife, the patient sufferer from his obstinacy. And she fully appreciates Theron's protracted trial under the exuberant fertility of Adrastus's too ready pen and gigantic powers of work—"poor Theron, who has some original ideas on a subject to which he has given years of research and meditation," and who "has been waiting anxiously from month to month to see whether his condensed exposition will find a place in the next advertised programme, but sees it, on the contrary, regularly excluded, and twice the space he asked for filled with the copious brew of Adrastus, whose name carries custom like a celebrated trade-mark."

The new Theophrastus, in the person of an old bachelor who has failed to make his mark in the world, opens his gallery of portraits by drawing his own in the chapters—"Looking Backwards" and "Looking Inwards." Merman follows, who illustrates "How we Encourage Research." The book thus begins with unmerited failure. It has, perhaps, more examples of unmerited success, as in Lentulus, the man surprised at his own originality, who by dint of doing nothing thinks he can do everything, and is sparing of his praise alike to poet, philosopher, and novelist, as feeling in himself a capacity to overtop them all. He passes current, at which we the less wonder as his programme of a grand romance is hit off with an easy flow of which we wish the author would oftener give us specimens in her avowed personality. After him Hinze, "The too Deferential Man," stands out a very distinct personage, and is the occasion of some good remarks on the value and useful service of commonplaces if spoken and received for what they are. "We mortals," we read, "should chiefly like to talk to each other out of goodwill and fellowship, not for the sake of hearing revelations or being stimulated by witticisms. . . . it is right and meet that there should be an abundant utterance of good sound commonplaces." It is these inevitable commonplaces which bring out Hinze's especial forte:—

He is the superlatively deferential man, and walks about with murmured wonder at the wisdom and discernment of everybody who talks to him. He cultivates the low-toned *tête-à-tête*, keeping his hat carefully in his hand and often stroking it, while he smiles with downcast eyes, as if to relieve his feelings under the pressure of the remarkable conversation which it is his honour to enjoy at the present moment.

There follows much analysis of the mind that forms this character; indeed such analysis is the staple of the book, often pursued till the style is oppressed by fulness and weight of thought and

farfetched illustration. Thus, thrown with one newly introduced, we read:—

Those well-worn themes naturally recur as a further development of salutations and preliminary media of understanding, such as pipes, chocolate, or mastic-chewing, which serve to confirm the impression that our new acquaintance is on a civilized footing, and has enough regard for formulas to save us from shocking outbursts of individualism, to which we are always exposed with the tamest bear or baboon.

There is point and cleverness in this illustration, but it wants grace; and this good old-fashioned quality is certainly too often missing in the author's more recent style. There cannot be elegance without ease, and her excessive care not to be commonplace in her own department leads to a forced manner which is especially out of place in this form of composition, where the writer, discussing his neighbours with the reader, should make few demands on his learning and exact knowledge, though endowing him with a ready apprehension and quick-sighted penetration. The paper on "A Political Molecule" ends with the remark that "the depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations." It sometimes seems as if she aimed to supply this deficiency by bringing in allusions to modern scientific discovery and new fields of speculation in most unexpected and often puzzling relation to the matter in hand. We are disposed on these occasions, when newfangled simile steps into the shoes of the time-honoured and familiar, to make a stand in favour of the old system, especially in the case of members of the animal kingdom. For some reason—not, perhaps, always on the surface—our taste rebels against the new constituency thus admitted into the field of illustration. Very early in the volume we recognize an adoption of the Darwinian theory in the words, "Human nature's invincible remnants of the brute"; and this view may give all brutes a lift into a sort of cousinship which we have been used to see confined to a few typical specimens. Here the desired comparisons are supplied not by *Æsop's Fables*, but by the Zoological Gardens in their latest arrivals—the walrus, the skunk, the hoopoe, the shrike, molluscs, and the like. We cannot but feel, as a matter of taste, that the *entrée* to human society should have its ceremonial limits, and that these creatures of hideous name or form should keep their distance.

Mordax, "The Watchdog of Knowledge," who refuses to admit that an idea which he has not himself discovered is strange to him, gives occasion to a pleasanter form of illustration in the conceited ignorance of the writer's valet and factotum, to whom nothing is new or unexpected; who has seen "night" spelt with the *gh* instead of his own phonetic form "nit," but "has never given in to it"; who, when informed that the earth spins round like a top, and he with it, "has heard a deal of that in my time"; who has a prompt answer for the cause of the tides, "Well, sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinions, but if I was to give mine, it 'ud be different." Mixtus, the "Half-Breed" (we do not consider our author quite as happy in her nomenclature as Addison), is not a writer himself, but a patron of art and literature, with literary, religious, and benevolent aspirations which have been defeated by his marriage with Scintilla, who considers these aspirations "queer ways," and knows nothing of Nonconformists except that they are unfashionable. "Debasing the Moral Currency" is a good and forcible protest against the modern taste for burlesque, a feeling which, it seems, is not shared where we should have looked for agreement and sympathy:—

I have been amazed to find that some artists whose own works have the ideal stamp are quite insensible to the damaging tendency of the burlesquing spirit which ranges to and fro and up and down on the earth, seeing no reason (except a precarious censorship) why it should not appropriate every sacred, heroic, and pathetic theme which serves to make up the treasure of human admiration, hope, and love.

And further on we read, "We soak our children in habits of contempt and exultant gibling, and yet are confident that—as Clarissa said to me—We can always teach them to be reverent in the right place, you know."

"The Wasp Credited with the Honey-comb" touches on that most sensitive nerve in the artist and literary temperament, the origination of ideas. Euphorion is lax on this point, and apt to appropriate the ideas of others. The paper then enlarges on the ludicrously false reasoning which may be observed—an observation in the author's case probably quickened by personal experience—on the "probabilities of origination," and of which every case of a noted work by an anonymous hand gives evidence:—

It would be amusing to crotchitize the guessers as to their exact reasons for thinking their guess "likely"; why Hoopoe of John's has fixed on Toucan of Magdalen; why Shrike attributes its peculiar style to Buzzard, who has not hitherto been known as a writer; why the fair Columba thinks it must belong to the reverend Merula; and why they are all alike disturbed in their previous judgment of its value by finding that it really came from Skunk, whom they had either not thought of at all, or thought of as belonging to a species excluded by the nature of the case.

We have not space to follow the course of characters further, or to dwell on "The Diseases of Small Authorship," illustrated by Vorticella's life-long boring of her friends on her one work, "The Channel Islands, with Notes and an Appendix," and her habit of lending the book to every new acquaintance, soliciting his judgment, and requesting him to read her album of critical opinions; which no wonder made her "really more tiresome than Gregarina, whose distinction was that she had had the cholera, and who did not feel in her true position with strangers until they knew it."

We have dwelt chiefly on that part of the volume which more or

\* *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.* By George Eliot. Blackwood.

less carries out its title, and which also seems most within the range of the author's genius. The concluding paper, "The Modern Hep Hep Hep," asking why the Jews are not more popular than they are, opens a very wide speculation, taking the reader at unawares, and making a very sudden demand on his attention. The Jews, their history, their character, their standing in the world, their intellectual power, suggest no doubt questions of great interest and importance; but we are not prepared to answer these questions at the far-end of a book avowedly devoted to other things, with which they bear no possible relation. The reader cannot at a moment's notice get up an interest in the Jews, and only wonders why the author takes them up, and why he has to read about them in connexion with such very alien matter. "Moral Swindlers," which also comes late in the volume, is scarcely more in harmony with the general tone, as raising a discussion rather than drawing a character. Its subject is the restriction of the word "moral," in some persons' use of the word, to the domestic virtues. Melissa pities Sir Gavial Mantrap on the disgrace that has fallen upon him for his conduct in relation to the Eocene Mines by which thousands are ruined, because he is a thoroughly moral man. Now Melissa in using this argument shows a narrowness of view which cuts her off from thinkers proper, from people who can conduct a discussion. In making the Seventh Commandment her moral standard she pairs with the class below her who take their moral stand upon the Eighth, and her test would not hold for a moment if she found herself one of the victims of Sir Gavial's delinquencies. Nobody attributes morality to the man who cheats him of his money. But, being what she is, and seeing life only on its domestic side, it is more important that Melissa should have strong opinions on domestic morals, of which she understands the duty and obligation, than that she should go out of her depth into general questions. But to discuss at any length the author's views on any moral problem would need all our space. We have preferred to give the reader a general view and to take the book as a whole.

#### WALLACE'S AUSTRALASIA.\*

MR. WALLACE, for the purposes of this new volume of Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," has expanded Hellwald's geographical description of Australasia into an encyclopedic account, physical, political, and social, of one of the six great divisions of the globe. The original German work has supplied only a tenth of the matter of the volume. For the majority of the rest it is indebted to Mr. Wallace. Mr. A. H. Keane, has, however, supplied a valuable ethnological appendix, noting the various types of race and language to be found in the several island groups. Mr. Wallace has proceeded on the theory that geography is, or can be made into, a central department of learning, round which all other branches of education may be grouped. The result, at all events in the present instance, is very successful.

Geography, in the old form it assumed when Butler was its chief authority, was as far removed from human passion and sorrow as Conic Sections or the gods of Epicurus. In the present volume there is a suggestion throughout of a dirge over dying races and types. The first of the illustrations, which are many and good, shows the burial of a native in the Australian steppes, with the dogs and the birds of prey scenting the corpse from afar, and thronging about the scaffold on which the body is elevated. This is the keystone to the whole book. Everywhere, from the Australian Aborigines to the New Zealand Maoris, the native races are depicted as fading away before the white man, like the native rat and even the native grasses. Formerly all was strange and isolated in that island world. Europe entered it and is fast subjugating it to a likeness of itself. A time may be foreseen when Mr. Wallace's geographical survey of the archipelagos which extend from the south-eastern extremity of Asia more than half-way across the Pacific will be read in Dunedin, and Hobart Town, and Sydney, as a record of a period which can be traced chiefly in museums and anatomical collections. Every division of this curious portion of the earth's surface has its exceptional characteristics and peculiarities. The continent of Australia has its salt basins, and its broad plains covered with thickets either of dwarf eucalyptus which completely intercepts the explorer's view, or of prickly acacias, which tear his flesh. The rains are apt to fall for years together, and thereupon the country becomes a desert. Then the clouds come down in torrents, the rivers are in flood, and the land is an impassable swamp. The foliage is of a dull olive green, and there are few fruit-bearing trees; but the forest trees burst at times into innumerable flowers. There are few butterflies; but the beetles are many and brilliant. In mammalia the continent is the poorest of all continents. On the other hand, a multitude of strange birds are to be seen sucking the blossoms, as do the humming-birds of America. It possesses 830 distinct species of birds against Europe's 500 and North America's 721. Java has its explosive mud and brine springs. It has, too, its poison valley, in which accumulations of carbonic acid gas kill every form of life which penetrates into it. But it possesses in compensation six different botanical zones, each extraordinarily fertile after its own fashion. In Sumatra, on one side

is a plain over which a fell scorching wind blows for months together; on another, valleys of the most exuberant fertility, and in which "nowhere does the landscape weary." The Moluccas have their spices, their magnificently feathered birds, and gorgeous butterflies which fly about the very streets of the towns. The sea about Amboyna, tragically famed in English history, is paved with "a varied growth of corals, sponges, actiniae, and other marine productions. They form a water-garden of exquisite beauty, amid which are to be seen fishes blue, red, and yellow, spotted, banded, and striped in the most eccentric patterns, and taking the place of butterflies in these marine gardens." Flores has its thickets where a branch cannot be broken without "severe wounds and fever, or even blindness, if the juice touches the eye." New Guinea has its snow-covered mountains seventeen thousand feet high, its gold, and its abounding birds of paradise; the Solomon Islands have their sandal-wood and ebony. The Samoan Islands are so productive that "the means of subsistence are perhaps obtained there more easily than in any other part of the world." In Tahiti the wayfarer is everywhere "soothed by the fragrance of sweet-smelling flowers, while his ears are ravished by the music of various songsters arrayed in the brilliant plumage of the tropics." Easter Island has its mystic paintings and carved sea-cliffs, and its platforms peopled with "colossal statues of disdainful men." The Sandwich group is "an earthly paradise" where the people have "a holiday look, never appearing oppressed by overwork." There is "Kilauea, the most remarkable burning mountain in the world," with its fathomless oval lake of glowing lava. Eight out of its eleven genera of birds are peculiar to it. Of shells every hill possesses peculiar kinds, found nowhere else. In Ponapé, or Ascension Island, are ruins of stone buildings hardly inferior in mystery to the colossal statues of Easter Island. The Isle of Tinian possesses other inexplicable memorials of former occupants. New Zealand has its geysers and its glaciers, bordered in some places by "a magnificent vegetation of metrosideros, tree-ferns, and fuchsias." Its flora shows only half as many plants as the British flora; but then the New Zealand flora "is wonderfully peculiar, about two-thirds of the species being entirely confined to the group, and even twenty-six of the genera being found nowhere else." Once it had a whole race of wingless birds, represented now only by the apteryx. That, too, is on the high road to extinction. So is a very undesirable bird, the owl-parrot, which "has lately exhibited a singular taste for flesh, picking holes in the backs of sheep and lambs." There are no snakes. The land, though it possesses some gigantic trees, is extraordinarily poor in fruits and flowers; but it is ready to welcome all that are brought it. Everything grows and multiplies in a climate enjoying the variety which comes of an extension through fourteen degrees of latitude. When first discovered, New Zealand possessed of mammalia only dogs and rats, and they had probably been imported.

The human inhabitants of these enchanted lands are to the full as exceptional as the flora and the fauna. The Australian aborigines have imitative dexterity. They moreover understand their country, and will live for months where Europeans would die of thirst. They are affectionate and generous to their male offspring, except when too hard pressed with hunger, in which case they kill and eat them. In preference, however, they would always butcher the female members of their family. Women are slaves, and are spared for the slightest offence—even for the husband's disappointment in the chase. A girl who has left her husband, even involuntarily, is cruelly disfigured. Consequently, as abduction is a common crime, "rarely does a girl possess unusual grace and elegance but she is soon marked and scarred by the furrows of repeated wounds." On the ravisher the penalty is that he must hold out his leg while each male of the tribe sticks his spear into it. "But so hardy are these savages that, with no remedy but a little fine dust, the wounds, however severe, heal quickly." These curious people have no other form of government than that of the family, and no religion, except the dread of ghosts and demons. White men they suppose to be spirits of the natives come to life again. They believe that after death they will themselves undergo the same change. Though without religion, they are not without rites. Circumcision is performed at fourteen, and at twenty the youth is gashed over the back and chest. On the Murray River girls have the whole back cut with flints in horizontal bands of gashes. The screams of the patient are a subject of merriment to all around. "In most cases, however, the girls voluntarily submit to it, because the scarred back is greatly admired." The only people with whom the Australian aborigines can be held to be connected are some of the hill tribes of Central India, whom they partly resemble in features and in language. When Australia was first settled there must have been about 150,000 natives. Now there are from 70,000 to 80,000. But Mr. Wallace thinks the country over which they roam is so little tempting to Englishmen that the race, degraded as it is, may long survive the much higher Maori and Tahitian. The Tasmanian natives were superior to the Australians in capacity. After a time they became neat and orderly in their habits, made roads, delighted in cricket and marbles, and sewed mat dresses. Unfortunately rough settlers and escaped convicts persecuted and degraded them. A race which might have developed the better qualities of civilization gradually shrank from 7,000 to one old woman, who died in 1876. Even humanity was hurtful to them. The Government gave them clothing, which they bartered away or lost when they had grown accustomed to its use. The change rendered them susceptible to lung diseases, of which a large proportion of them perished. In Sumatra,

\* *Australasia*. Based on Hellwald's "Die Erde." Edited by Alfred Wallace. London: Stanford. 1879.



which, as well as Borneo, is considered by Mr. Wallace, though not by Hellwald, to belong to Australasia, the Malays of Achin are Mahometans, but tolerant. Their neighbours have a proverb, "The Achinese will curse a Christian, and then invite him to eat bread and salt." The Dyaks of Borneo are the kindest and most pleasing of savages; but, except when the fear of Europeans restrains them, they have the same inconvenient custom as that upheld by King Cetewayo of refusing leave to marry till the young bachelor can exhibit a head as his credentials of competence for housekeeping. Even in the British colony of Labuan the custom has not been absolutely put down. In Sarawak it is practically unknown, owing to the good judgment and untiring patience of Sir James Brooke and his successor. Mr. Wallace regards the government of Sarawak as a standing proof that the art of ruling half-civilized races is not so complex as has been supposed. "The great thing is not to be in a hurry; to avoid over-legislation, law forms, and legal subtleties; to aim first at making the people contented and happy in their own way, even if that way should be quite opposed to European theories of how they ought to be happy." Perhaps Mr. Wallace is thinking of India.

The Papuans of New Guinea are still only a half-known race. The editor of the present volume, who visited the island in quest of its birds of paradise, was one of the first to investigate their characteristics. Intellectually, Mr. Wallace places them above the Malays, though the Malays have acquired more actual civilization by contact with superior races. The Papuans have a taste for personal embellishment, but it takes such eccentric forms as the attaching of two boars' tusks joined together to the nose, with the tips turned upwards. They eat many kinds of large insects. What they consider music is their ordinary substitute at festivals for intoxicating liquors. They are totally ignorant of metals, and the coast-dwellers are even unable to procure fire for themselves. When they accidentally let their fires go out, they have to ask a spark of the hill tribesmen who produce it by friction. Yet they divide the year into lunar months, and have names for the constellations. One of the tribes, the Iema, counts up to a million. In the New Britain group, the Papuans of New Zealand have a remarkable custom, which even the East cannot match. Girls of six or eight years old are shut up for some five years in cages like huge extinguishers made of palm-leaves, out of which they are never allowed to come till they are to be married. The cages are placed inside large houses, with old women to watch them. The girls are taken out once a day to wash; but they never leave the house. Mr. Wallace says that the young ladies do not seem to suffer in health.

The natives of the Solomon Islands are dwarfish, and have cannibal propensities. But they build canoes which are "perfect gems of beauty," and they have a fine sense of vocal harmony. The New Hebrideans have a yet more inveterate love than these vocalists for human flesh. It is, as Mr. Wallace remarks, with intelligible self-contradiction, "an insatiable craving that must be satisfied." In one of the islands, Aneiteum, the natives have been cured of the bad habit by the missionaries; but then, after all the pains which have been taken with them, they very perversely die. The population, which was twelve thousand, is now but a sixth part of that total. Epidemic diseases and a sudden change from barbarism to civilization are the causes. Mr. Wallace complains that "there must surely be something wrong in the method of civilization which has this one invariable effect." An occasional dispensation to partake of what the Fijians call euphemistically "long pig" might perhaps operate as a remedy; but a missionary could scarcely be empowered by either of the great London Societies to make the experiment. The Fijians themselves at present appear to have secured immunity from the usual fatal consequences of European connexion, though nowhere was the passion for human flesh more violent. At great feasts twenty bodies would be served up at once. The love of slaughter is not always, however, connected with the table. No solemnity was perfect in the times before British domination without human sacrifices. When a chief died, wives and slaves were buried with him. When a chief's house was built, a slave was buried under each pole which held it up. How far even the cannibalism was not a mere phase of religion or superstition it might be hard to say. The Fijian had, or has, a firm belief in a future state in which the actual condition of the dying person is perpetuated. Thus a young man, being unable to eat, was buried alive by his father at his own request lest he should grow thin and weak. Somewhat luxuriously he asked to be strangled first; but "he was scolded and told to be quiet, and be buried like other people and give no more trouble; and he was buried accordingly."

If the Fijians, apart from the bad habits engendered by superstition, manifest excellent natural qualities, the Polynesians have been always described by those who have had to do with them as "one of the very finest races in the world." That they have advanced far beyond the savage state is shown by their treatment of women, who are "carefully protected from severe labour or anything that might impair their grace or beauty." They are religious, yet do not make their religion an excuse for butchery. They are warlike without cruelty, infinitely hospitable, always cheerful and courteous, and, by the testimony of Captain Cook, "liberal, brave, open, and candid, without suspicion of treachery, cruelty, or revenge." When Cook explored the Society Islands, they possessed 1,700 war canoes manned by 68,000 men. "Now the total population of the group is said to be only 9,000! Such has been the effect of contact with European civilization." The

Samoaans are distinguished even among Polynesians for their good qualities. Captain Erskine declares that "they carry their habits of cleanliness and decency to a higher point than the most fastidious of civilized nations." Their public meetings and discussions are carried on with "a dignity and forbearance which Europeans never equal." The German merchants who monopolize much of the Samoan trade have aided the missionaries in developing the better qualities of the race without annihilating the race itself. In the little Savage Island, situated between the Tonga and Samoa groups, the missionaries have worked alone, and with yet greater success. There even the population is increasing in number. Mr. Wallace regards the fact as proof that "Polynesians may be civilized without being exterminated, if they are only protected from the rude competition, the vices, and the diseases which free intercourse with the ordinary class of Europeans invariably brings upon them." Tahiti unhappily has not enjoyed that protection. The result is that the population is fast dwindling. Misguided missionary zeal is charged by Mr. Wallace with having contributed to this result, by forbidding the idyllic festivities of former ages. The consequence is that the fermented juice of the orange has taken the place of the indigenous dances of the past. As Tahiti is French, so the Sandwich Islands are Americanized. According to Mr. Wallace, the effects of the new civilization have been equally dubious in both. Here again, too, he charges part of the result on the missionaries—in this instance, the Congregational denomination of the United States—for having represented Christianity as "a severe legal Jewish religion, deprived of its dignity, beauty, tenderness, and amiability." A climate and soil only too willing to maintain life without toil may perhaps be equally responsible. The population of the Gilbert Archipelago, where constant labour and skill are required to procure subsistence, numbers from 330 to 400 persons to the square mile, "a density unequalled in the world in any area where the people depend for food solely on their own exertions." It is more wholesome for a population to have to extort scanty food from sea and rock than to enjoy the leisure of the Pelew islanders, who employ it in inventing an order of knighthood, which has for its insignia the first cervical vertebra of the sea-calf. Investiture is effected by thrusting the hand through the narrow ring of the fishbone to the imminent peril of losing a finger. Another polite fashion of the Pelews is that a man must never be seen abroad with his legitimate wife. The Pelew gentlemen might be supposed to have studied in Paris or Florence. Maoris also are polite and courteous; but their courtesy does not assume the same sophisticated form as in the Pelew islands. To a certain extent, the beneficial effects of the necessity of toil may be observed in the Maoris as in the Gilbert islanders. The absence of tropical vegetation in New Zealand and the paucity of animal life called forth physical and moral dexterity. The Maoris became skilful hunters and fishermen, and good agriculturists. The faculties which the ordinary necessities of life had cultivated were applied to the adornment of existence. They learned to carve, to weave, and to tan. They became, after their manner, astronomers. They built up an elaborate mythology. Their very cannibalism was associated with, if not derived from, a belief that the better qualities of the victim were transferred to his devourer. Could they have known European civilization afar off, the Maori nationality might have been sufficiently sturdy to resist its enervating effects. But the natives could not resist actual competition side by side in the same islands. In 1840 their number was 100,000; in 1856, 65,000; in 1874, 45,740. At the present rate of decrease, which it is feared may be accelerated, in a hundred and fifty years the whole race seems likely to be extinct. The Maoris themselves scent their approaching fate:—"As the white man's rat has extirpated our rat, as the European fly is driving out our fly, as the foreign clover is killing our ferns, so the Maori himself will disappear before the white man."

We have dwelt chiefly on the picturesque exceptions to the European order of nature and psychology which Mr. Wallace's volume describes. Our readers are probably not anxious to be put by us through a course of geography. But they may be assured that the work embodies a rich treasury of geographical details. In addition it contains many graphic particulars, but students of geography need not be alarmed by the fact. It has not the less abundance of facts for the student's behoof arranged on a scientific system. We can point to no better exemplification in English literature of the tendency which geography has long been showing to make itself a connecting link of modern studies, to hold out a hand to history on the one side and to natural science on the other.

#### EYRE'S KABUL INSURRECTION.\*

THE late invasion of Afghanistan offers an opportunity for the publication of memoirs and narratives bearing on our former operations in that country, and some useful books have lately seen the light which might otherwise not have had much chance of success. High among these must be placed this republication of Eyre's lively and interesting narrative of the Afghan insurrection of 1841, which moreover well deserves reading on its own account, besides being a very appropriate and useful contri-

\* *The Kabul Insurrection of 1841-42.* Revised and Corrected from Lieutenant Eyre's Original Manuscript. By Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, K.C.S.I., C.B. Edited by Colonel G. B. M. Malletson, C.S.I. London: Allen & Co. 1879.

bution to a consideration of one of the most important questions of the day. Sir Vincent Eyre, then a lieutenant of Artillery, having been wounded in one of the actions which preceded the retreat from Kabul, was among the hostages given up, together with the General and the ladies, by the retreating force, before the final massacre was consummated; and his account of the transactions in which he had taken a gallant part, written while an inmate with his wife and the other prisoners of an Afghan gaol, and sent to England for publication immediately on their release, gave the English public the first connected account of the course of events which led up to the great disaster, and naturally attracted great attention at the time of its first appearance. The book has long been out of print, and this new edition will be read with interest now. Clear and accurate, it has all the freshness of a contemporary record. The book made indeed a sensation on its first appearance in another sense, for it was thought that the opinions expressed in it were almost too outspoken for a military man. But this was before the days of Special Correspondents, and before ex-Cabinet Ministers and high permanent officials exchanged pleasantries about the secrets of their offices through the medium of the daily press; and we are bound to say that a tendency to be too outspoken is the last fault we should be disposed to attribute to the work. On the contrary, we are rather disposed to lose patience at the too kindly way in which the gallant author lets down men, as being misguided, or gallant and able but deficient in decision, and so forth, to whose disgraceful conduct the Kabul disaster was mainly due.

The book is rightly called the *Kabul Insurrection*, to the narrative of which it is strictly confined; and, apart from the intrinsic interest of the tale, the account has a special value, because it lays bare the extraordinary blundering committed from first to last—the tissue of folly and weakness exhibited at every point; furnishing altogether a useful lesson how to avoid similar disasters in the future.

The Kabul massacre has been constantly pointed to as showing the danger of occupation of that country. The danger may be admitted in one sense; it would involve enormous expense. The elements of disturbance are present there now, just as much as they were then, and if we intended to hold the country permanently, we should have to set about really conquering it, which we never attempted to do in 1838. When Sir Vincent Eyre begins his narrative with the remark that “in 1841 the country enjoyed a state of apparent tranquillity to which it had been for many years a stranger,” it must be observed that the history of our occupation from 1838 down to the final outbreak is one continued record of expeditions undertaken to put down risings in one or another part of the country. The past winter has shown very plainly that the condition of Afghanistan is much the same now as it was then, and that to insure an orderly and peaceful occupation it would have been necessary to take a very different line of action from the wretched temporizing conduct pursued on the first occasion. And a vigorous and determined policy will have to be adopted now, in regard to the strips of territory which we have just annexed; for the present state of insecurity anywhere outside the British camps—and almost within them—is clearly an intolerable condition of permanent occupation of our advanced line. This is the problem now confronting the Indian Government; with what mixture of stern chastisement and generous conciliation to reduce to order the turbulent races which have now become subject to it, and which for the first time have to learn what is meant by government. Occupation in this firm sort was never attempted by the feeble rulers of Afghanistan in 1841; weakness alternating with rashness marked all the military operations they undertook before the final outbreak, equally with their conduct in the decisive crisis.

Nevertheless, if one conclusion is brought home more clearly than another by this narrative, as by everything else which has been written about the subject, it is that Afghanistan is an easy country to hold, in the sense that it would be extremely difficult for the Afghans to turn us out of it. Pitiable as was the conduct of the senior military officers at Kabul, and marked by a succession of astounding blunders on every occasion that arose for a choice of action, yet until the last fatal step was taken of moving out of the cantonments in the depth of winter to perish miserably in the snow—to be struck down almost without striking a blow in defence—at almost any point of the proceedings before the final capitulation a single right step would have sufficed to avert the fatal catastrophe. The original blunder—and a gigantic one as it proved—was in establishing the British troops in an open cantonment, dominated by surrounding hills, and in which the garrison was not better protected than if it had been drawn up in the field. As if this were not bad enough, the whole of the commissariat stores were placed in a detached fort outside the cantonment. Having thus displayed the extremity of rashness, the authorities, when the danger came, ran into the extremity of caution, if that name can be given to the line of action, or inaction, which, by exaggerating difficulties, renders a dangerous position still more desperate. When the gravity of the outbreak begun by the assassination of Burnes in the city became apparent, the first impulse was naturally to occupy the strong position of the Bálá Hissár, which completely dominated the city, and in possession of which the English might have defied any attempts of the insurgents to dislodge them; and accordingly a force was sent there at once, which made its way in without opposition, and held the post till the final evacuation almost without molestation.

Unfortunately the rest of the force did not follow. Shortly after this the commissariat fort was surrounded and attacked. Everything depended on guarding and keeping safe the stores which it contained. Nevertheless, the relief of this place, within a few hundred yards of the cantonment, and against which, if a strong brigade had been sent, the enemy would probably have made no resistance, was entrusted to two weak companies of the 44th, which were beaten off with severe loss, especially in officers. The General now proposed to give up the fort, although it contained all the stores of grain, spirits, medicine, and clothing, and only two days' supplies of food remained in cantonment. While his staff were trying to screw him up to a decision to attempt another relief, the matter was settled by the ensign in charge evacuating the fort during the night. The desperate position of the force in consequence of this loss now coming home to men's minds, the General was induced to allow a half-hearted attempt to be made to recover the fort; feebly conceived and executed, it naturally failed, and now the troops were becoming rapidly demoralized. Worse even than the General was the second in command, Brigadier Shelton, objecting to and thwarting every plan for action that was proposed or attempted. If ever a British officer deserved to be tried and condemned it was this man, for contributing in the largest degree to bring about the destruction of the force to which he was attached; yet he was in the truest sense a veteran, who had served all through the Peninsular war, and had a high reputation for personal courage. But, as Sir Vincent Eyre says, “He had from the very first seemed to despair of the force being able to hold out the winter at Kabul, and strenuously advocated an immediate retreat to Jellalabad.” The enemy, now emboldened, took up a position on the heights commanding the cantonment, which would soon render it untenable. The attempt was made to dislodge them, and a force sent out from the cantonment effected this, after a sharp fight in which several officers and men greatly distinguished themselves. Strategically, however, the victory did nothing for the beleaguered garrison beyond affording temporary relief, for they were not in a position to occupy the heights permanently, and the enemy could come back and annoy them whenever they chose.

More than one way of escape from destruction was still open to them. They might have swept the country of provisions, and retrenched a part of the cantonments, converting it into a really fortified position. The defence of Jellalabad shows how easily and with what imperfect means the Afghans could be kept off; indeed at no time did they show themselves a formidable fighting enemy. A still more hopeful plan was for the English troops to force their way into the Bálá Hissár and occupy it during the winter. There they would have found warmth and shelter. And among a people so divided among themselves as were the Afghans, some would beyond doubt have still declared themselves on the side of the English, if they had only shown any heart themselves. However, the plan adopted—if such an expression can be used of the result into which, after a long course of miserable indecision, the so-called leaders of the British troops finally drifted—was the only one that afforded no prospect of success. An entire surrender would have been better than capitulation. To have been killed off at once would have been better than to perish miserably in the snow, without even the power of selling their lives dearly. At Jellalabad, on the other hand, a decision to hold out was finally taken. But recent correspondence has shown that the garrison of Jellalabad were not all heroes. The diary of Augustus Abbott, and the account of the war by the late Sir Henry Durand, lately reviewed in these columns, show that the surrender of that place was very near following on the Kabul capitulation, in which case, no doubt, its garrison would have suffered the same fate as befel the troops which marched out of the Kabul cantonment. That this disgraceful course was not taken appears to have been mainly due to the courage and obstinacy of one man, the gallant Broadfoot. The moral to be drawn from these events is clear. Under no circumstances should British troops in the East surrender to an Asiatic foe. Soldiers should be taught to feel that capitulation gives them less chance of their lives than even the most desperate defence, and that, after all, a man can be killed but once. But it is curious what dangers men will run to avoid what they think the certainty of death.

Another lesson to be drawn from the tale of the Afghan insurrection as told by Sir Vincent Eyre is the importance, for an alien army stationed in a foreign country, of timely and reasonable military precautions. Unless these are taken, the rash confidence of the outset is likely to be followed by an equally unwarranted state of depression and doubt. But in India itself the lesson has never been taken to heart. The notion which dominates our military attitude there is that we cannot afford to shut ourselves up, but must be at all times ready to meet any foe in the open field, and that therefore the conditions of the case do not admit of the construction of fortified positions. The result is that, from Peshawur to Calcutta, we have hardly so much as a place of arms in which, if need arose, the women and children might be sheltered while the troops took the field. Even our magazines are for the most part either unprotected or stowed away in some native fort which hardly deserves the name. It may be said that these forts are good enough for any enemy that is likely to come against them. But we never know what the circumstances of the future are to be. No one expected the Mutiny. And at any rate this argument will not cover the defenceless condition of Bombay. One reason for the happy-go-lucky way in which our Indian military system is conducted is perhaps to be found in the rapid changes taking place among the members of the Government



of India. Each in turn has so much to occupy him during his brief tenure of office in dealing with the business of the day that he has no time to take precautions against the dangers of the future.

Sir Vincent Eyre thinks that we English are generally disposed to underrate the enormous difficulties Russia would have to encounter in attempting to advance, with hostile intent, through Afghanistan—supposing, that is, we had not anticipated her movement; and he argues that the people of India are too well governed to wish to change their English for Russian masters. Now no reasonable man would doubt what would be the result of a trial of arms between Russia and England for the possession of India. Any project for turning us out would be wild in the extreme; and, if we were only reasonably true to ourselves, would assuredly meet with signal discomfiture. But the impossibility of success would not necessarily deter Russia from making the attempt; and she might unquestionably give us a great deal of trouble, and cause us a great expense, if she were to obtain a footing in Afghanistan. And, although the people of India generally would probably show themselves indifferent to the issue, and be prepared to accept for master whichever side was victorious, still there is abundant ground in India for sowing the seed of intrigue and disaffection. Considering the innate love of excitement and change among the people of India, it would not be wise to lay too much stress on the force of a mere sense of contentment, and still less of gratitude, for keeping India quiet in times of danger. We must be masterful if we would be masters.

#### SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S RECOLLECTIONS.\*

SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S *Personal and Professional Recollections*, very outspoken as they are, and published so soon after his death, are certain to be closely canvassed, if not hotly fought over. To ourselves these revelations are very satisfactory, for after their writer's unexpected death we gave our estimate of his character and career as an artist and as a man. Now that his own picture of himself has unexpectedly burst on the world, we do not find a word to recall or modify in our impressions. How far the obligation imposed by the writer upon his representatives of so immediate a publication of his *Apologia ad se pro vita sua*, left as they own in a form which required much revision, was judicious is a question which does not concern us.

The book, written at distinct periods of the author's life, the earliest and largest portion having been completed in 1864, was, as we are told, originally intended to serve only as a family possession, and the idea of publication grew up gradually. Hence personal and domestic anecdotes fill many pages, while the writer's childish and boyish reminiscences are singularly vivid, and therefore more interesting than such retrospects usually are. The future High Church architect was the son of one Evangelical clergyman and the grandson of another and a representative one, Thomas Scott, the Commentator; while his earliest impressions are of his father's personage, the strangely hideous church, built by private exertions when church-building was not the fashion, and the other belongings of a pleasant village near Buckingham. We wish we could linger over the very graphic picture of the rustic life of Gawcott with its farmers, its labourers, and its eccentric characters before London ways had invaded our shires. Sir Gilbert's childish recollections of his grandfather, the commentator, proceeding to church of a Sunday in his gown and cassock, his long-curved wig and shovel hat, is curious, seeing that this is no picture of a country parson in the days of Goldsmith and Richardson, but a recollection dating some time between 1816 and 1820. On this the editor offers a footnote, the chronology of which puzzles us:—

My father's recollections upon the subject of clerical dress may be of interest. He has often told me that in the earliest period to which his memory extended, the clergy habitually wore their cassock, gown, and shovel hat, and that when this custom went out, a sort of interregnum ensued during which all distinction of dress was abandoned and clerics followed lay fashions. This is the period which Jane Austen's novels illustrate. Her clergymen are singularly free from any trace of the ecclesiastical character. Later on the clergy adopted the suit of black and the white necktie.

His father was born in 1811, so that, as we have just indicated, that "earliest period," when the clergy by his statement still adhered to what we should now count episcopal costume, must have been about 1820, while the novels of Miss Austen, in which clergymen dress in so free and easy a garb, represent a still earlier period than her death in 1817. Unless, as we should have suspected but for the "habitually," Sir Gilbert or his hearer was generalizing from his recollections of his grandfather's peculiarities, the fact must have been that at that time of, to us, slow and difficult communication, some exceptional districts must still have represented bygone epochs, so that Buckinghamshire was lingering in the eighteenth century long after the easy-going fashionable clergymen danced at Bath in the pages of the great novelist. Every man still living of sixty-nine is older than Sir Gilbert Scott

would have been now, and yet who remembers during all the controversies of the last thirty years on clerical proprieties to have heard or read any such general statement upon a matter which is still within so wide a living memory to confirm or refute?

Mr. Scott's boyish eagerness in studying the good old churches in his neighbourhood is vividly recorded. This settled his profession, with the immediate result of his enthusiasm finding itself rudely checked by the base mechanical school in which he had to study during those evil times upon which architecture had then fallen, and soon after by an early partnership with a man of unrefined energy, resulting in a roaring business driven by the firm in the wholesale manufacture of workhouses according to the mean, cheap model recommended by the authorities of the new Poor-law Act. The awakening came with the study of Pugin's and the Cambridge Camden or Ecclesiological Society's writings, and Mr. Scott, while still continuing to be Mr. Moffatt's partner, imbibed the freshly discovered principles of ecclesiastical art. Interesting as are many of the details of this early period, we confess that we cannot apply that epithet to some long-winded complaints, several times repeated, of an asserted coldness between Mr. Scott and the Ecclesiological Society, told in an odd sort of inconsistent tone in which sharp diatribes alternate with profuse acknowledgments of the services rendered by the Society to the common cause, and imputations of personal motives, which would be grave if seriously intended, are seasoned by the explanation that "I now number many of the leaders of the Society among my most esteemed friends."

His complaint is that the Society was, during the forties, constantly favouring men who placed themselves in a confidential communication with it, and depreciating him who had at some very early period been its friend, because he was too independent to court such an intimacy. The reply would be that the Society, itself a struggling and unpopular body, in offering its intimacy, offered and sought confidence and sympathy from men who proclaimed themselves like-minded, and that, if some responded to their invitation while Scott stood aloof, it was by no ill will of their own, but by his own reserve, that the critics at whom he grumbles were precluded from appreciating him as they might have done if he had at the time not been so apparently afraid of the imputation of their intimacy.

But as the long-forgotten incident has been so unexpectedly, not to say unnecessarily, reopened to a later generation, who will get their first impressions of it from Sir Gilbert's complaints, we must further point to what stands conspicuous in the book itself. This was the period when in his own words "Scott and Moffatt" had become so well known as a *nom de guerre* (a queer expression by the way for the *bona fide* title of an actual partnership); and, considering how commercial the business was which that well-known firm carried on, it was no great blame to the struggling Society not to realize that the "Scott" of "Scott and Moffatt," who would not be cordial with them, was, as a person and not a partner, an earnest and enthusiastic votary of ecclesiology for its own sake. Mr. Scott bequeaths his anger because, when the Society had criticized "one of the best churches I had ever built" in a way which led to a remonstrance, they defended themselves by pleading that they had only a small lithographic view to guide them, so that the onus lay upon the architect, "who had abstained from submitting the working plans for their examination." The stranger reading this would think that the critics were some large public organization with its appointed staff of travelling Commissioners to report all round the country. They were in fact a small voluntary gathering of preoccupied men who were banded together to propagate an idea, with inefficient means and at much risk of their worldly prospects, in a day of crass prejudice. Criticizing new churches was an essential part of their propaganda, and they had to get at those churches as they could. They were the critics and teachers; the architects were the executants; and they could only do full justice to the architects if the architects deigned to help them. The help which they invited was very simple, and, as they thought, complimentary to those gentlemen—the opportunity of seeing and confidentially discussing with some seven or eight cultivated amateurs the plan and idea of their churches. It was in fact a request of the same kind as that which is now conceded to all art critics, of entry to studios and the private days of all exhibitions. Other architects cheerfully acquiesced and spent agreeable hours with their critic friends in friendly discussion. Mr. Scott alone abstained. We quite believe now that his mistake of judgment came from the natural shyness which he confesses and deplores. But those who suffered from it could only suspect that the prosperous producer of countless workhouses looked down upon the unpopular little knot of amateur parsons, lawyers, and squires. Mr. Scott did not let himself be understood, and so of course he was misunderstood.

The autobiographer in his indignation imports Pugin into the indictment. "Even Pugin himself could not escape their lash, his single sin being his independent existence." We happen to know that the article on Pugin's artistic position or merits (we forget the exact title), in the *Ecclesiologist*, which is so strangely fished out of Lethe, was offered by an enthusiastic student of Pugin's writings and engravings, who had been disenchanted by a tour among his constructed buildings. The writer discovered that these were so inferior in scale, detail, and effect, to their presentments, as to be virtually different conceptions, and spoke out accordingly, while bidding Pugin to recover himself by acting up to his own teaching. In fact the critic merely said with a little more amplification not only what Pugin himself pathetically

\* *Personal and Professional Recollections*. By the late Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A. Edited by his Son, G. Gilbert Scott. With a Preface by J. W. Burgon, Dean of Chichester. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

owned towards the end of his career, but what Mr. Scott actually lays down in these very memoirs six pages further on:—

His success was wonderful: for, though his actual architecture was scarcely worthy of his genius, the result of his efforts in the revival of "true principles," as well as the recovery of all sorts of subsidiary arts [eleven of which Mr. Scott recites] and every variety of ornamental work, was truly amazing.

The notion of Pugin's "independent existence" having anything to do with the matter was a pure chimera. The critics were stiffly Anglican, while Pugin was a pronounced Romanist, and so their alliance was based on the recognition of separate existence, while they met on the common ground of ecclesiastical art. He had indeed the excuse of insufficient means and unmanageable patrons, but his own irrepressible self-trumpeting made this defence impossible to his candid friends. The climax of Mr. Scott's indignation was reached owing to an occurrence in which the Ecclesiological Society put itself in the wrong. Mr. Scott, as every one knows, built his great cathedral-like church of St. Nicholas, Hamburg, after winning the prize in an international contest. The *Ecclesiologist*, which consistently upheld the religious mission of an Anglican Church architect, objected to the inconsistency of one of them building a foreign Protestant church. Mr. Scott defended himself in a letter addressed to the *Ecclesiologist*. The managers of that journal, acting under some crude and youthful notions of journalistic etiquette, refused admission to the contribution. This was foolish enough on their part, but it is equally strange to see the resurrection of so occasional an epistle after an oblivion of thirty-three years. The mistake for their own interest of Mr. Scott's opponents is patent by the line of defence which he adopts. He might have argued that the profession of architect was undenominational, and he would then have occupied a position as logical as the contrary one of his opponents. Instead of this, Mr. Scott in fact attempts to shield himself behind his opponents' principles, and dwells upon the fact that the German Lutherans are higher in some of their doctrines and more "ritualistic" (as we should now say) in their church fittings than Anglicans could pretend to be. Of course his opponents could have replied that they knew all this, and that he only confessed his participation in what they charged with being a sham. As well might an architect build a Roman Catholic church, and then argue that he had made it so plain that all men might take it for an Independent conventicle.

We hurry with pleasure from the unnecessary revival of long-buried misunderstandings. The world has moved so fast under the spell of the mighty Cook since the forties, that it sounds like a romance of the middle ages to be told that Scott, the great rising Gothic architect of England, had (except for a single day spent at Calais) never been abroad till he had reckoned thirty-three years, and that then he took a scamper through Belgium and Germany with the specific object of preparing for the imminent Hamburg competition, while his first acquaintance with France dated from three years later; so that he was actually hard at work upon his great foreign church before he had so much as beheld Amiens or Notre Dame.

1851, the year of the first Exhibition was also stamped upon Mr. Scott's recollections by the establishment of the Architectural Museum, of which he was the second and better founder, first planted in a picturesque cockloft in Canon Row, Westminster, then sent in stately exile to South Kensington, and now again keeping its own house in Tuford Street, close to its primitive cradle. He gives an amusing account of a visit to the Prince Consort, in company with Lord De Grey and Mr. Clutton, to beat up for funds, when the Prince, while receiving the visitors graciously and promising aid, "took occasion, however, to read us a not very complimentary lecture on the state of architectural education in this country, which he described as contemptible in the extreme." Very likely the Prince did not at the time remember how hard his words were hitting; but it is not to be denied that he was really expounding in theory that very defect the existence of which was prompting Mr. Scott's action. The former partner of Mr. Moffatt and the man trained as he describes himself stood where he did in spite, rather than in consequence, of the educational system of English architects. Mr. Scott, in owning how much truth there was in what the Prince said, justly continues to observe that "the true result should have been a strenuous movement to improve the artistic education of our profession, rather than to employ in our stead, and cry up as our superiors, builders and military engineers, who make no pretence whatever to æsthetical training."

His own Albert Memorial and the Albert Hall, where it is and what it is, facing each other, are a curious comment, embodying in a concrete form the reflections to which this conversation gave rise. It must, at the same time, be recollected that the Prince Consort had natural leanings towards that stiff administrative discipline which Germany loves and England shuns. The Herr Bau-Inspector, with his official precedence nicely adjusted, his orders, and his buttoned-up uniform, stood far more closely represented to the visible eye by Captain A. B. R.E., than by the loose-coated, unattached architect of the old English breed.

The best written and most amusing chapter in the whole book is the one in which Sir Gilbert gives the wonderful, though in many respects disagreeable, story of the genesis of the Foreign and India Offices, spreading over the years which elapsed between the competition—clumsily conceived by Sir Benjamin Hall, and as unintelligently worked out by the judges—and his own ultimate con-

fimation in the whimsical office of architect of an Italian pile by the fiat of Lord Palmerston. The story would spoil by abridgment; and we need only observe that the secret history, served up for the entertainment of the public, confirms the line which we then took, at much trouble to ourselves, through the columns of we fear to guess how many articles. The only thing, indeed, in the whole affair of which Sir Gilbert speaks with unqualified pleasure is one of those articles, in which are described Lord Palmerston's claims to be an authority on art. It needs to have belonged to the rapidly decreasing generation who knew Lord Palmerston personally fully to appreciate Sir Gilbert's lifelike picture of the astute and genial Minister, "seating himself," in the "most easy and fatherly way," to wheedle him out of his artistic convictions. Even Sir Gilbert, with all his outraged feelings, is grimly amused at the humour of the scene.

At this period of his memoir-writing Sir Gilbert found himself in the middle of a crisis among the Gothic party, who had broken away from the somewhat rigid insistence of their "ecclesiological" guides on the middle phase of the English middle style, and took up one foreign style, or attempt at individual eclecticism, after another; the noble Early French at one time, as in Messrs. Clutton's and Burges's prize design for Lille Cathedral; Italian Gothic, as in the hands of Messrs. Dean and Woodward, and hybrid monstrosities as propounded by gentlemen whom we will not indicate. It is a pure stretch of imagination on Sir Gilbert's part to suppose that the ecclesiologists swallowed anything in welcoming the victors at Lille. They continued to remain in their own convictions, while they were proud of countrymen who could speak so well in a foreign tongue. It is amusing to follow the fluctuations of feeling from sentence to sentence between the still smouldering indignation at the ecclesiologists' upishness and the half-reached conviction that, after all, their orderly Caesarism was a thing to be regretfully looked back upon in the heyday of the Republican chaos, out of which Mr. Scott was painfully labouring to thread his way. So he reaches a conviction for which there is a good deal to be said which he does not himself scruple to utter. "In domestic architecture I do think that I struck out a variety eminently practical and thoroughly suited to the wants and habits of the day," as specimens of which he quotes, besides the abortive Public Offices, certain completed country houses. More than one curious reflection rises to our minds in regard to this dictum. First, Sir Gilbert seems quite unable to realize that which we conclude any bystander, whether prejudiced for or against the "variety," must appreciate in it, that the architect has unconsciously either introduced into it, or by some independent process struck out, a larger instalment of the feeling which belongs to Italian than to French Gothic. In our posthumous memoir of Sir Gilbert we referred to the impression which this "method" of his had made upon us, and we invented the word *rangedness* to define the peculiar effect of its windows, arcades, and so on. No doubt Sir Gilbert deserves much credit for this special development, which is graceful, however, rather than vigorous. But the oddest thing about the passage, written as it was in 1864, is the assurance with which the writer laid down, and left uncanceled till the day of his death, "Now I distinctly aver that if we were to build houses really like the old Tudor mansions, people would not in these days live in them." Ten years had not passed away since this passage was penned, before, under the lead of Mr. Norman Shaw, the distinguished pupil of Sir Gilbert's distinguished pupil, Mr. Street, a revival in its most salient features of English domestic Tudor had established itself, which is certainly widely popular and attractive to persons in search of habitations, and which promised, and still may fulfil, very satisfactory results if only it shakes off the adulterate influences of the Queen Anne craze, with which it has very wantonly allied itself.

Sir Gilbert's criticisms upon the artists in the arts subsidiary to architecture are very plain-spoken and judicious. We are glad to observe that he speaks of Henry Gerente in terms very similar to those which we had to use in our recent article on the new window at King's College Chapel, while comparing the downward progress of France in glass painting with the triumphs which it is achieving in England. The fears which Mr. Scott expresses that Messrs. Clayton and Bell might, owing to overwork, degenerate in their art, have since, as at Durham and at King's College, been most nobly falsified.

Here the memoirs of 1864 end, and are followed by a few supplementary pages, harking back upon the old self-tormenting questioning as between "ecclesiological" orthodoxy and neo-Gothic latitudinarianism. So the first part of the book closes. Then follows a purely personal chapter on domestic joys and sorrows on which we will not intrude. The artistic memoirs are renewed under the date of 1872, and begin with some interesting details as to the Prince Consort's Memorial, in which its author takes much justifiable pride. He owns, what was generally guessed, that in building the Midland Hotel at the St. Pancras Station he meant to show to London what the public offices might have been but for Lord Palmerston. A few words dispose of Glasgow University and the Albert Institute, Dundee, for which buildings "I adopted a style which I may call my own invention." It is disappointing to find Sir Gilbert, when he had reached Dundee, passing away from it with no mention of the very remarkable church, or rather minster, which he built there for the most accomplished of men, Bishop Forbes of Brechin. Indeed, for some reason, or more probably for



none, he forgot to specify a class of his churches, including this one, and the larger but inferior parish church of Stoke Newington, in which, by the use of apse, gabled aisles and transepts, he studied to raise the English parish church into something of the dignity of a minster. To our mind the church at Dundee is much superior to the more costly one which was constructed for Mr. Akroyd at Halifax, and which is duly noted in the book. It is perhaps more remarkable, considering the scale of the work, that there is no reference made to the chapel and other buildings at St. John's College, Cambridge. The late date of the Cathedral at Edinburgh no doubt accounts for its finding no place in this unfinished work.

"I have now to chronicle a great failure," follows the sub-heading of "The New Law Courts," and it begins the portion of the book which we have read with the least pleasure. Sir Gilbert, like all the other competitors but one, was much disappointed. But there was nothing in the whole affair to justify Sir Gilbert more than the other defeated candidates in saying that "I consider that this great competition did me harm simply as a conspicuous non-success, and as exposing me to the gibes of enemies, whom I had innocently supposed not to exist, but whom it brought out of their lurking places." There was no doubt much free criticism all round, and artistic partisanship was strongly pronounced; but this is the law of the game in competitions. As for these gibes of enemies, however, we totally disbelieve the suspicion. Going into competition means running the chances of failure or success in a trial the intention of which is to give the youngest and the most distinguished competitors an equal chance. Any architect who considers himself possessed of so dignified a position that non-success would be equivalent to positive harm is bound not to compete at all. We do not refer to the question between Mr. Barry and Mr. Street, as that is totally disconnected with the non-success of Sir Gilbert Scott. Too clearly his sensitive nature, overtaxed with work and domestic sorrow, felt the ups and downs of fortune at that time with an acuteness which does not appear when he had to grapple with the really more grave troubles of the Public Offices. We believe, as we hinted in our review of his lately published Lectures, that Sir Gilbert had set his heart on producing a Gothic dome in connexion with this pile, and was in proportion irritated at losing the chance.

The remainder of the volume is mainly occupied with notices of most of the cathedrals which have passed under Sir Gilbert's hands, and of the yet active controversy between the parties of restoration and anti-restoration. We shall recur to these pages in a second article. In the meanwhile we must express our regret that the editor should not have made the book a more complete record of the artistic life of its writer by subjoining a dated list of his works, both of restoration and of original design, whether or not actually executed. An index, too, and running headings would have notably contributed to the convenience of readers.

#### THE MASTER OF RED LEAF.\*

THIS is a powerful and unpleasant novel, which it would be easy enough to ridicule, but which it is hard to estimate correctly. The lovers of harrowing events and incidents will certainly find plenty to interest them in *The Master of Red Leaf*. From the first words of the character who tells the story, and who begins by expressing the remorse "which peoples her sleep with the pale faces of the dead," to the last fatal scene in the tomb of a nameless race, there is no pause in the excitement. The first essential in a novel of this kind is that it should carry the reader on, and powerfully move his curiosity; so much *The Master of Red Leaf* undeniably does. It is certainly, however, a book which cannot be recommended to all readers, and many will find it ridiculously overstrained in manner and intolerably didactic in tone.

*The Master of Red Leaf* raises a question of artistic treatment which it does little to solve. The tale is told throughout in the first person by one of the characters, and that character is of a new and not a pleasant type. She is a governess; but she is quite unlike the numerous progeny of *Jane Eyre*. Very probably without *Jane Eyre* (a book which Hester Stanhope, the heroine, blames as a misleading one) *The Master of Red Leaf* would never have been written. Yet the novel before us is distinctly original. Hester was a plain, passionate, and intellectual governess, like *Jane Eyre*, who fell in love, also like Miss Brontë's heroine, with her employer. There the resemblance ceases, for the passion of Hester leads her to commit a series of crimes which her Puritanic nature judges and reproves even as she is committing them. She is a Puritan of the narrowest sort, the daughter and the household drudge of a poor and bitter New England Abolitionist preacher. From the penury, the narrowness, the sordid labour and endless sermons of her chill New England home her pretty sister Emily has revolted, and gone into the world to earn her own livelihood; while the "dark and angular" Hester stays at home with that "dark and angular" pulpiteer, her father. The action of the story begins when the hatred between North and South in the United States is drawing to a head. The martyr John Brown has just been put to death, and Hester is sent to the South by an Abolitionist Society—nominally, to be governess in

the family of a planter, but really to incite the negroes to rebellion.

This, then, is the person in whose mouth the story is placed. She is bitter, spiteful, and envious; she expresses her love with a fierce energy that overflows with the usual nonsense about the "god-like" man who is indifferent to her. Her moral sense is almost morbidly wakeful, though it never prevents her from yielding to the worst temptations suggested by her miserable passion. When she is not sinning or repenting she is preaching. Now she inveighs against the indolence and luxury of the slave-owning Southerners; and her sermons have all the bitterness of want of conviction. The softness, harmony, and ease of life in the South have won over her feelings to the "disloyal" side; while the memory of her early training keeps her reason on the side of Puritanism and the North. Her nature is constantly distracted by this opposition between the life that seems beautiful and patriarchal—the life of gentlefolks living on a well-ordered Southern estate—and the life that seems righteous and scriptural, that of deacons and ministers starving in a bleak New England village. Thus the miserable heroine's whole existence is a sham and a remorse, and she naturally seizes every chance of inveighing against human society. She scolds against the laws which regulate the life of men and women; she devotes many pages to declamation about fallen women and their miserable fortunes; and of course she excites herself about the exclusion of her sex from the legal and other professions. All this is provoking, and might be called unartistic in the extreme, if we did not feel that it was dramatically true. Given a woman like Hester, with her training and temptations, and she would inevitably gush, scream, and preach like Hester in the course of telling her own story of villainess and remorse. She would feel as if she partly cleared her own character, and she would deaden the pains of remorse by proving that the world is out of joint, that all men are selfish, and ministers the worst of all; for she has a passionate grudge against the clergy of her sect. Granting this dramatic truth, it may be said that heroines like Hester should as rarely as possible be entrusted with the conduct of a novel.

As much of the story of *The Master of Red Leaf* as it is fair to tell may be briefly stated. The angular Hester was equipped by a society of philanthropists, and easily got the place of governess to two children at Red Leaf, the estate of the Devaseurs. It is a curious trait in her disagreeable character that, after the first few pages, the governess never mentions the children under her care; they slip out of the story, as do several other characters who seem to have been introduced with a purpose that was afterwards forgotten in the self-absorption of the heroine. Hester's description of life on a Southern plantation, and of the friendly relations between the slaves and their employers, is exceedingly interesting. Though they were perfectly polite, the negroes were distant and reserved in their intercourse with her. They cared no more for freedom than the black man in whom Artemus Ward tried to light the fire of liberty. Hester believed that they considered her mere "poor white trash." Her efforts to "get at" the blacks were interrupted by the arrival at home of the Master of Red Leaf. The governess fell violently in love, at first sight, with this "gracious and god-like" being, who had a pale saffron complexion, and appeared to be descended from a line of "bronzed gods." These expressions may seem strange in the mouth of a young woman fresh from a Puritan home, but Hester had read Byron (and possibly Ouida) as well as *Jane Eyre* and Mr. Swinburne, at Red Leaf. The bibliographer, by the way, may be surprised to hear that Mr. Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* had reached Red Leaf before the outbreak of the Civil War.

We are never allowed to hear the Master of Red Leaf speak, except on one or two occasions when "he speaks like a printed book." He never does anything particular, beyond getting wounded in the war, burning a Yankee steamer, and carrying a gigantic one-eyed negro in one hand, as if he had been "a writhing black serpent." Lynn Devaseur, in short, the Master of Red Leaf, is not a character at all. He is merely the embodiment of Hester's ideal:—

From the crown of his stately head to the soles of his arched feet he was what I would have created had the power been mine to embody in mortal form the high and splendid ideal that haunted my mind.

Seeing him face to face, could I make myself stone and feel not?—blind and see not?

When first in his presence, as he embraced the children, and turned his eyes on me, my heart stood still. I was stricken as though a god had come down for mortals to adore.

Better had I looked on Death that day! Better I had taken to my heart grim Death, with his bare bones and sightless eyes! Better I had laid my living lips to Death's mocking mouth, and sunk with him to the grave and the grave's worms, than looked and loved as I looked and loved that fatal day.

Without knowing it, perhaps, the governess almost quotes the words of Simætha, in Theocritus:—

χῶς ἴδον, ὡς ἐμάνην ὥς μεν περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθῃ.

Unfortunately the rhapsodies which sound natural in the mouth of the Sicilian girl are less interesting when a New England governess spreads them over many pages of a novel.

It was not enough that Hester should love; of course there was "Another." The Master of Red Leaf was engaged to his cousin Gertrude, (or "Constance," as she is occasionally called) who was "even pre-eminently beautiful." As Hester watched this affair her envy and jealousy were roused, till she became capable of

\* *The Master of Red Leaf*. By Elizabeth A. Meriwether. London: Tinsley & Co. 1879.

stealing letters, or of committing any other convenient crime. She did not like Gertrude the more because she had been detected by her in the act of preaching freedom to the negroes. She had seen a negro flogged for stealing:—

His first act, after the overseer left, was to plunge his huge fist deep into his capacious pocket, and bring thence—no, not the knife, or dagger, or pistol, my indignant soul expected—but a plug of tobacco, from whence he bit a mouthful and began to chew. Then he thrust his spikey head in his shirt, and proceeded to draw it over his body. At this moment a newcomer appeared on the scene.

This spectacle, combined with her general spite against society, made Hester give the negroes lessons in rebellion. The school-room was the hollow of one of those singular sepulchral mounds which are all that remain to speak of a race older than the Red Indians. Here Hester was detected by Gertrude, who contemptuously pardoned her. The war now broke out, and the last two volumes of the novel are full of curious pictures of the state of society on the frontier and in New Orleans. The discovery of Hester's sister Emily, as a kind of dissipated camp follower, is the excuse for long tirades on the injustice of social customs. These sermons are of no practical use, and only serve to weary the reader and to relieve the mind of the writer. The torrent of war sweeps over Red Leaf; one of the officers of the Federal forces tries (by Hester's connivance) to carry off Gertrude, and the results quite justify the life-long remorse of the guilty governess. This part of the story may justly be said to approach the manner of penny romances, and yet it has an energy of its own. There is a great deal of power in the description of the capture of a Federal steamer, and of the noise and fire of distant battle heard and seen through the stillness that precedes a night of storm.

The rapidity and energy of this curious tale are very remarkable. Whatever may be thought of the author's style (which is not free from grammatical faults), no one can deny its strength and swiftness. The writer never seems to tire; the strain of her excitement is never relaxed. The whole book is written at a white heat. The story reads like what it is meant to be, the feverish and eager confession of a despairing woman, tortured by regret and remorse, and maddened by seeing that the people who shared her crimes are incapable of sharing her sufferings. She has persuaded herself that her own sins are partly the consequence of a vast moral epidemic, which produced the war. The enthusiasm of her youth, philanthropy, and the love of freedom, she speaks of with bitter irony, as the causes of the death of millions of men, of the ruin of countless homes. A book like this cannot prove pleasant reading, but it is exciting, and may be not uninteresting.

#### NATURAL HISTORY RAMBLES.\*

UNDER the name of *Natural History Rambles* half a dozen excellent little books have been put forth by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, compiled by eminently competent writers, and fitted at once to charm and instruct all readers, the young especially, who hanker after a correct knowledge of nature. With one or more of these manuals in hand a sojourn in the country may be made a time of unceasing delight and instruction. Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, may thus be enjoyed without the ear or the eye being wearied. Every walk abroad will suggest some fresh topic for reading or microscopic study at home. Every haul of the net will yield some curiosity for the young seaside visitor to scrutinize and ponder over. Are the summer holidays to be spent inland? Dr. Cooke offers himself as guide, philosopher, and friend. In *The Woodlands* he discourses, without dryness or pedantry, of truths which have made trees, woods, and forests a treasure, a delight, or a mystery to man from the time when Adam and Eve walked among the trees of the garden down to these days of scientific arboriculture. Religiously, poetically, historically, as we are reminded, man is associated with forests. Here he found his first home, and his first temple; and to what better than to a ramble in the woods does he instinctively turn as a relief from the care and turmoil of artificial life? To know something of the multitudinous objects with which our woodlands teem is a most reasonable and laudable desire. And such a companion and prompter as may impart this attractive kind of knowledge it is Dr. Cooke's object to supply. Every step he takes us in a country stroll brings us to something worth noting. Take, for instance, the first forest tree, whatever be the season of the year. The arrangement of the buds around a twig suggests a uniform plan in nature, whereby each species may be discriminated. In a beech-tree the buds are seen to be produced in two opposite rows, so that they occur alternately on opposite sides of the twig, the first, third, and fifth being over each other on one side, the second, fourth, and sixth on the other. If a line be drawn from any given bud spirally round the twig, so as to pass through three consecutive buds, it will be found, when it has reached the third, to be directly over the point whence it started, having made one turn of a spiral. In the alder a line spirally drawn through all the buds will, in the course of one turn, show the fourth bud to be over

the first. In the oak the sixth bud will be found directly over the first; but to reach this the spiral will make two revolutions instead of one, no bud within one revolution of the spiral occurring just over the starting point. A willow twig will be seen to involve three convolutions before a bud is reached in a direct line with the first, and the number of buds included in the series is eight. To facilitate the recording or verifying of such observations, a fractional method is suggested, the number of turns of the spiral being represented by the numerator, and the number of buds encountered the denominator. Thus the beech is one-half, the alder one-third, the oak two-thirds, and the willow three-eighths, &c. The ash, horse-chestnut, and some other trees have the buds in pairs opposite to each other, the arrangement being that of a simple alternation of pairs. The study of leaves, even if fallen and dry, will furnish rules of the same simple kind for the discrimination of the trees to which they belong, and will yield young folks material for an instructive lesson during a wintry walk. Let any one who would enjoy a woodland stroll start with some definite object, and, if possible, keep a hobby for constant service. Whether birds, moths, insects, ferns, fungi, galls, or what not be the objects of pursuit, nature will never fail to supply matter for observation and enjoyment.

The same course of pleasant instruction is carried on by a well-known interpreter of nature, the Rev. J. G. Wood, in *Lane and Field*. The various birds of our hedgerows, the songsters who render musical each grove and coppice, the reptiles of the field and lane, the insects, destructive or beneficial, with their complex structure, their marvellous increase, and their strange transformations, fill about half his little manual, the rest being taken up with vegetable life, especially the field flowers with which nature has so kindly sown the soil of our islands to charm the eye and scent the air. Mr. J. E. Taylor shows that "Underground" may be made the theme of many a pleasant and instructive ramble. He takes first what he calls the "tenants for life" who burrow for themselves a home and breeding-place in the soil—the mole, the shrew, the vole, the rabbit, the fox and badger, besides sundry birds of the air that are fain to seek abodes underground, like the sand-martin, kingfisher, puffin, jackdaw, and sheldrake, and the stormy petrel, which digs itself a most elaborate cell, tunnelling through the blown sand-banks along the sea-shore. The structure of each animal, fitting it for the process of burrowing and forming its subterranean dwelling, is briefly, but clearly, pointed out. The modification of the finger bones, covered with skin, which enables a bat to fly, is not more admirable as an adaptation of means to ends than the peculiar formation of the bones of a mole's forelegs which enables that patient labourer to burrow. Mason bees and wasps have natural organs for constructing their underground shelter, and humble bees burrow in the hedge-banks, there to lay the foundation of their singular nests at no slight cost of skill and labour. The underground societies formed by the organizing instinct of certain classes of insects—monarchical in the case of bees and wasps, republican in that of ants—open up a most interesting field of study. A formicary of glass for observation of the habits of our six-legged competitors—as Sir John Lubbock, their most enthusiastic historian and interpreter, has termed these largely-endowed little creatures—forms an adjunct to the indoor study of natural history no whit less attractive than the apiary or the aquarium. Not less full of matter neatly packed and compressed is the geological half of Mr. Taylor's work, telling the story of the formation and the changes of the rocks and soils with their embedded organic forms. A few clearly drawn diagrams greatly help the learner to realize the gradual superposition of each bed, the upheavals and depressions which have brought about faults and dislocations of strata, or have caused wide tracts of the earth's surface to be alternately submerged or dry. The primeval life of the world is briefly traced, the earliest dawn exhibited in the *cocoon* of the Laurentian rocks, and the later types distinguished as they lead the way by successive steps of differentiation to the fauna of existing kinds. An admirable chapter is given up to "nature's coal-cellars," in which are shown the origin and growth of the immense coal supply upon which is built up so much of the commercial and industrial wealth of Great Britain. The ancient vegetable and animal life-forms with which the various carboniferous strata abound are specified, and the leading types well illustrated by woodcuts. The great Ice age, with its effects upon the configuration of the land surface, and the migration of living species to other climates, has its proportionate notice. We are glad to see that Mr. Taylor finds space for a protest against that arbitrary tilting over of the earth's axis to which a certain school of physicists would refer this change of climate in the Northern Hemisphere, little heeding, it would appear, the absence of any proof of the corresponding effect which so great a cosmical revolution must needs have produced upon the Southern half of the globe. In the chapter on fossils and fossiliferous localities the young collector will find a useful guide to what objects he should most prize for his miniature museum, and what fields or beds he may search with the most certain expectations of success. In *Mountain and Moor* the same writer acts as guide to a class of explorers who may combine with the naturalist's love of knowledge the zest of the sportsman and of the mountain climber; while Mr. Groome Napier provides no less kindly in *Lakes and Rivers* for the tastes and the energies of the angler and the fresh-water sailor.

Upon Professor Martin Duncan devolves the function of detailing the varied animal and plant life of the sea-shore. Omitting as far as was possible scientific terms and names, he has made it his

\* *Natural History Rambles*.—I. *The Woodlands*. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. II. *The Lane and Field*. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. III. *Underground*. By J. E. Taylor. IV. *Lakes and Rivers*. By C. O. Groome Napier. V. *Mountain and Moor*. By J. E. Taylor. VI. *The Sea Shore*. By Prof. P. Martin Duncan, M.B., F.R.S. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1879.



aim to condense into a popular form the mass of information brought together in the writings of our leading naturalists. Where the sea-shore begins and ends is a point incapable of precise definition. Our author is content with describing it as the debatable ground where the sea is constantly striving to wear away the land. Its limits extend to a point inland beyond the reach of the wildest waves and the highest tides. Where the vertical cliffs are never left by the sea, no shore may be said to exist; but, as a rule, there will be a strip or breadth of land, be it rock, sand, or shingle laid dry between high and low water, and it is to this, with the objects it presents, that Professor Martin Duncan draws his reader's attention. Widely as the coasts of a maritime country like Great Britain vary in their conformation and material, we may distinguish certain zones or belts which are marked by their peculiar animals and plants, or waifs and strays. Of these our author specifies four. The first is the beach and coast-line formed by the marshy, swampy land, or hard rock down to the edge of the highest tide-mark. This may be miles across or only a few feet in extent. The second is the shore proper, or the breadth between this first line and the sea-shore; it is highest during common tides and storms. Thirdly, a breadth will exist four times in the twenty-four hours on dry land, being for the rest of the time beneath the waves. This is the space between the ordinary high and low tide marks. Finally, a narrow exceptional breadth is exposed for a few hours at most by the spring tides twice a month. This is known as the low spring shore. At such times submerged forests and other evidences or relics of a higher level of the land are often exposed to sight, as at Hastings and the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, with richer and more varied specimens of the wealth of the sea-floor. It is especially after storms that the wreckage of the sea is borne to the feet of the watchful collector. The pebbles which are rolled along the beach, travelling with the tide, or tossed and heaped up by the waves, indicate by their structure and colour the rocks from which they have been torn, often from a considerable distance. The rolled flints have had their home in far-off chalk cliffs. On the coast of South Devon the rocks are of deep red sandstone covered in places by the loveliest carpet of green. The sea is mostly of the deepest blue or green, even when the sky is not much tinted with colour. But the sea covering the shore at high-tide has a whitish or slaty hue from the pebbles which reach up close to the dark red cliffs, and are of grey and blue limestone, coming from rocks situated miles away to the west. Further east is seen the Chesil Bank, an enormous shelf of pebbles, which have been carried along the coast, and have found there an uncertain resting-place, shifting with every tide and storm. As the pebbles chafe against each other, sand is ground out of them, and aids in wearing them away to smooth minute particles of sand, clay, or mud. Along the shore are seen in places collections of stone, sand, and shells high upon the face of a rock cliff. These are called raised beaches, having been formed by an upheaval of part of the coast during movements of the crust of the globe. As new shores are formed or old shores extended, corresponding changes go on in the zones of plant or animal life. Where a zone has been cut off or isolated by the action of the sea upon the cliffs on either hand, the animals and plants will be separated from their congeners; whilst, if a shore is made where there was none before, the fitting animals and plants will migrate to it from the zones on either sides. There are zones of coast here and there in Great Britain where are found animals and plants almost unknown elsewhere, because of those parts having been isolated from others for ages. On the other hand, many kinds of animals and plants of the sea-shores of France, Belgium, and Holland are found living in corresponding zones on the English and Irish coasts—a fact which tends to prove, our author argues, that once upon a time these countries all had a continuous coast-line, though now after the lapse of ages the separation has become complete. In following up his task of discriminating the all but boundless forms of animal and vegetable life with which these shores supply the naturalist, he restricts his survey in the main to the products of the littoral zone, or space between tide-marks, though many forms are swept into view from the depths beyond, such as the broad-leaved tangles from low water to fifteen fathoms, and the coral-ines and nullipores from fifteen to fifty fathoms. The nature of sponges, with their reproduction and habits, holding as they have done from the time of Aristotle a place on the border line between animal and plant, furnishes a most attractive chapter for study. Jelly-fishes and sea-anemones, shore-worms and star-fishes, crabs, lobsters, prawns, and shrimps, are not too familiar to lack interest or instruction when made the theme of discussion by such a student of nature as our author. Nor are the birds that make our shores their home or visiting-place omitted from his survey. With his little volume in hand the more intelligent and keen-eyed of our young folks will find a seaside holiday a source of new and perpetually varied pleasure.

## HERBERT DE LOSINGA.\*

DEAN GOULBURN and his colleague have chosen a theme which cannot be expected to attract the attention of a very large class of readers. To comparatively few even of those who

\* *The Life, Letters, and Sermons of Bishop Herbert de Losinga.* By E. M. Goulburn, D.D., and H. Symonds, M.A. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1878.

are well acquainted with English Church history is the name of Herbert de Losinga likely to be familiar. Nor would it probably have occurred to any one who had not—as of course the Dean has—some personal reason for taking an interest in the founder of the see and cathedral of Norwich to select “Herbert,” as he habitually calls him, for the subject of an elaborate biography. He tells us indeed in the preface that one of his chief motives for doing so was to raise a protest thereby against “the light esteem of founders and benefactors, which has led to the undutiful and reckless alienation of their endowments, not only from the special purposes for which they made them, but from all objects which bear in a changed state of society a similar character.” At the same time the editors consider the character and writings of Herbert well deserving of a prominent place in the vast domain of mediæval history and literature, if it be but “in a corner of the field.” We certainly shall not quarrel with them for this, though we may not be disposed to rate the virtues and achievements of the pious founder quite so highly as those whose enjoyment of his munificence prompts them very pardonably to form what is perhaps an over-generous estimate of his merits. That he possessed the “warmth and geniality of disposition” claimed for him by his biographers is abundantly clear from his own letters, which exhibit unmistakable proof of that special attachment and care for the young not unfrequently observed in celibates. For we fully agree with his biographers in thinking Mr. Spurden’s insinuation that “the boys Otto and Wilhelm,” to whom so many of his letters are addressed, were his own sons, worse than gratuitous. It is true that the Hildebrandine decrees making clerical marriage not only illicit but invalid were only beginning to be enforced, amid great opposition, in Herbert’s time—he was between twenty and thirty years old when Gregory VII. became Pope—but a moral stigma had long attached to these irregular unions, and moreover Herbert was not only a priest but a monk. There is in fact no evidence, external or internal, of his violation of duty in this respect, though in another important matter, which forms a constant burden of the denunciations of mediæval Synods, he was, as will presently appear, by no means equally free from blame. Nor does he seem to us, so far as he took any part in the great controversies of his age, to have taken the right part, by which we mean the part that to a high-principled and conscientious prelate, under the circumstances and social conditions of his own age, would naturally have commended itself as the cause of religion and justice. He was a contemporary of St. Anselm’s, and he took the King’s side against him in the Investiture controversy which Dean Church—who is a high authority on such questions—has gone far to show was the wrong side. And unfortunately the general tenor of his conduct does not at all tend to negative the suspicion that he adopted the line, not which he deliberately judged to be the best in itself, but which he perceived to be most conducive to his own interests. But neither his questionable conduct nor his comparative obscurity need make us any the less grateful to his biographers for unearthing such treasures as are to be found in this particular “corner of the field.” It is from the various cross-lights thrown on the subject from a number of obscure corners which only specialists would take the trouble to investigate in detail, that the philosophical historian learns to correct and gradually perfect his more comprehensive estimate of mediæval Church history as a whole. And we may be thankful when we find persons whose peculiar tastes or circumstances lead them to examine minutely any of those byways of history which the ordinary traveller would not be likely to pass through. That the editors in this case have done their work with great care and completeness cannot be denied. The first volume contains the *Life* and an English translation of the *Letters* of Herbert—the Latin text of the *Epistolæ* having been published thirty years ago; the second contains the fourteen extant *Sermons* in Latin and English; and both volumes are copiously—almost too copiously—annotated throughout.

We cannot follow Herbert’s biographers through their minute discussions of the origin of his surname and the exact date and place of his birth, which are matters of dispute. Suffice it to say that they consider him to have been born in Suffolk about 1050. His father became eventually Abbot of Winchester, but there seems no reason to suppose he entered the religious life before the death of his wife. There is unfortunately no room for doubt that Herbert bought the Abbey of Winchester for him, and the see of Thetford, which he afterwards transferred to Norwich, for himself, for a sum variously stated as 1,000*l.* or 1,900*l.*—in either case a very large sum for those days—paid into the royal treasury. It is true that he was sent to Rome afterwards, where he got purged of his simony and confirmed in the possession of his bishopric; but we can hardly agree with his biographers in recognizing the sincerity of his repentance when we find him many years later, on being sent to Rome as one of the King’s emissaries against Anselm, carrying with him a large sum of money in order to purchase jurisdiction over the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, on which he had greatly set his heart. One learns without much regret that he was robbed of his money on the road, and that he failed to gain his suit at Rome. His reputation for good sense and self-command would have stood higher if the long and querulous jeremiads he wrote on his disappointment, as undignified as they are disproportionate to the occasion, had not happened to be preserved.

One of the most pleasing features in Herbert’s character, as we have already intimated, is his affectionate care for the boys placed under his charge in the Benedictine schools, to whom a great

many of his letters are addressed. There is a mingled playfulness and seriousness of tone in these communications which reveal a real sympathy with their feelings and temptations as well as an earnest desire for their welfare. Certainly such sympathy must have been much needed to temper the rigid discipline described in the following note—taken from Lanfranc's *Regula*—which, by the way, rather reminds us of Mr. Petre's recent revelations of the unlovely discipline of Stonyhurst:—

The discipline for the boys in Norman convents was exceedingly strict, as may be seen in Lanfranc's Regulations for the Benedictine Order (cap. xxi.) While reading aloud in school, they were to sit so far apart that neither their hands nor their clothes could touch; they might not beckon or make signs to one another; none might move from his place without the master's command or express permission. When they walked anywhere, a master was to walk between each two of them. No one, but the Abbot, Prior, and Precentor might make any sign to them, or smile at them. They might confess to no one but the Abbot or Prior, or some brother specially authorized by the Abbot in Chapter to hear their confessions. . . . No one might sit in the chamber appropriated to them but the Abbot, Prior, or one of their masters, nor communicate any thing to them by word or otherwise, except by special permission of the Abbot or Prior; and, when that permission was given, the communication might not be made except when a master was sitting between the parties. One youth might not speak to another, except while a master was listening and attending to what passed.

We are almost surprised that the editorial comment—presumably Dr. Goulburn's—on this Draconian rule should be so little condemnatory, but one paragraph is worth quoting:—

But of course there is another side to the question. Can independence of character be formed under such a system? Temptation excluded is not temptation resisted; and there is great risk lest the too vigilant attempt to exclude it may emasculate the character, and render it weak when temptation does come.

It will be clear from what has already been said that there was a very decided mundane element in the character of Herbert. But it would be doing him an injustice to suppose this was at all exceptional among the prelates of that age. Complaints are often made in our own day of the character of royal appointments to high ecclesiastical dignities, and the motives which guide the selection. We do not say that there is no ground for such comments, but the following account of Roger of Salisbury, one of the bishops in whose consecration Herbert took part, may serve at least to show that there was no sure guarantee for either the motive or the quality of such appointments in "the ages of faith":—

This prelate made so distinguished a figure in this and the succeeding reign, and Herbert seems to have entertained such awe of him as one who had, in fact, gathered up all the power of the kingdom into his own hand, that a brief sketch of his career will not be felt to be out of place here. He owed his rise to the circumstance of Henry I., before he came to the throne, having casually entered into a little church near Caen, in which, as parish priest, Roger was saying mass. The office was gone through with such extraordinary rapidity as to gratify a soldier's love of brief devotions; and the prince, pleased to find himself so soon out of church, bade Roger follow his camp. He was somewhat illiterate; but the king finding him pliant and clever, gave him the great seal, and made him Chancellor. Having taken the king's side against Anselm, he was preferred (on the occasion before us) to the bishopric of Salisbury. Thence he rose after an interval of some years to the dignity of Chief Justiciary, which, in fact, was the office of prime minister; and during the king's absence in Normandy, he governed England as regent. It was he who ruled, in the interests of Matilda, Henry's daughter, that the crown, like a private inheritance, should descend to the daughter and heiress of the person last seized. And yet afterwards, notwithstanding this decision, he announced, on the death of Henry, the new constitutional doctrine, "that only males could mount the throne," in pursuance of which he urged the Archbishop of Canterbury to anoint and crown Stephen. Basking while in the sunshine of Stephen's favour, he built a huge castle at Devizes, where he maintained the state and independence of a sovereign, but he soon quarrelled with his new friend, who sent a strong force to besiege him in his castle, and induced him to surrender by threatening to hang up before the walls his illegitimate son, to whom he was strongly attached. Soon after this he died of a quartan ague, December 4, 1149, more than twenty years after our Herbert had closed his career.

Herbert himself was at one time spoken of as a possible successor to Anselm in the primacy, and it seems probable, though there is some conflict of evidence on the point, that he held for a time the office of Chancellor. The Monks of Norwich were anxious to obtain for him the posthumous honours of canonization, but even his biographers, with all their loyal devotion to his memory, feel bound to admit that "Herbert was scarcely a fit subject for it." A genial, warm-hearted, munificent, sincerely religious man he evidently was, but he had no pretensions to be either a hero or a saint. We have said that the annotations are throughout most elaborate, and—as might be expected from Dean Goulburn—they afford ample indication of a scholarly taste and cultivated mind. There are some odd mistakes however in very simple matters; thus e.g. we are twice over told in different notes that subdeacons belong to the minor orders of the Roman Church. The subdiaconate is one of the minor orders of the Eastern Church, but it counts as the third of the three Sacred Orders in the West, and therefore carries with it the obligation of celibacy. Sometimes too the notes are filled out with very superfluous matter. Why should several pages be taken up with the Latin Office for the Dead, which any one who wants to see it can easily find in the ordinary Roman service books? It is not as if the editors had any desire to recommend such methods of devotion, for which they might no doubt have pleaded high Anglican authority, for they rather go out of their way to repudiate them. Still less was it necessary to interpolate a long account, confessedly borrowed secondhand from Hagenbach, of the origin and growth of the doctrine of purgatory, which after all is both meagre and inaccurate.

We have not left ourselves room to speak at much length of the

second volume, which contains Herbert's first ten Sermons, transcribed and translated from a MS. formerly belonging to Norwich Cathedral, but now in the Cambridge University Library. They are all appropriated separately to certain festivals or feasts of the Church, viz. Christmas, Epiphany, Candlemas, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, Nativity of St. John Baptist, Feast of St. Paul (probably June 30, for the Feast of his Conversion was not yet established), the Assumption, Michaelmas, and All Saints. The Sermons are interesting as illustrations of the homiletic teaching of the period, and certainly illustrate a point much insisted on by the late Dr. Neale as characteristic of mediæval preachers. We mean that they are very Scriptural, in the sense of being richly interlarded with texts of Scripture, though the application may not always strike a modern reader as obvious. The editors rightly call attention to the fact, inasmuch as he died a century before the formal definition of the fourth Lateran Council, that Herbert affirms the doctrine of Transubstantiation as an undisputed truth in the most explicit language, both in his Letters and Sermons. Many specimens might be given of his style of pulpit exhortation which would not be found other than edifying. We select one from the Ash Wednesday discourse, which we hope Canon Ryle would not refuse to acknowledge as teaching sound evangelical doctrine:—

Give heed, dearly beloved brethren, to the Lord's words, and let your fasting be after the fashion which He enjoins. God loves fasting, he loves your almsgivings, but only if a single intent go before. Whence he says in another place: *If thy eye be single, thy whole body shall be lightsome. But if thy eye be evil, thy whole body also shall be darksome.* And the Apostle saith: *If I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.* Christians fast; Heathens also fast; the Jews fast; Heretics and Schismatics fast; Hypocrites fast; and carnal Christians fast. The act is one and the same in all; but the affection of the doer different. Christians fast that they may chastise the flesh, and strengthen the spirit. Heathens, and the other pestilent fellows aforesaid, fast in order that they may make the flesh wanton, and stifle their spirit.

*Sanctify a fast, saith He:* He sanctifieth a fast, who shuts the wandering eyes from lascivious gaze. He sanctifieth a fast, who bridleth the tongue, and holdeth his appetite in check, lest his body should be defiled by surfeiting or drunkenness. He sanctifieth a fast, who restraineth his lust, quelleth his anger, rooteth out his covetousness, tameth his pride. He sanctifieth a fast, who preserveth faith, nurseth charity, excelleth in prudence, restraineth evil passions, endureth adversity, and in the daily dealings of citizen with citizen, rendereth unto his brother the honour which is his due. He sanctifieth a fast, who by faith conceiveth the hope of, and by hope attaineth to, the true promise of the Gospel. He sanctifieth a fast, who giveth meat to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty, who taketh in the stranger under his roof, clotheth the naked, visiteth the sick, looseth the prisoner. Finally he sanctifieth a fast, who quencheth the fiery darts of lasciviousness, and who pruning down the talkativeness of the tongue, or the appetites of the body, purgeth his spirit from evil motions, and from every defilement of filthy thoughts. These in brief are the fasts of Christians, to cease from sin, and to grow in every holy grace.

There are some curious anecdotes and legends appended to some of the Sermons, especially one recording the miraculous preservation of a Hebrew boy in a furnace, the original of which may be found in the fourth book of Evagrius's *Historia Ecclesiastica*. Whatever judgment may be formed of Herbert as a bishop or a theologian, Dean Goulburn has done well to give the public these fruits of "the *hore subseciva* of ten long years," and if the book appeals only to a limited audience, it will add something of permanent value to the stores of antiquarian research.

#### LUCIAN'S *VERA HISTORIA*.\*

MR. JERRAM has done good service both to teachers and pupils in following up his school edition of the "Tablet of Cebes" with one of Lucian's "True History." To masters even more than to boys, because the latter move on every year, if not every half-year, there must be a deadening sameness in the eternal round of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, two or three easy plays of Euripides, and as many equally traditional Latin subjects, which a venerable curriculum has in past time held it almost sacrilege to vary. It is something gained to have cheap and handy annotated texts of the old familiar classics; but a still greater gain is the publication, in a convenient and attractive form, of unhackneyed works calculated to attract intelligent tirois by pungency of satire or liveliness of style. Considering the favour always accorded to the Dialogues of the Dead, the Dialogues of the Gods, and some of the Marine Dialogues of Lucian, it is strange that the rich mine of that most amusing and pictorial satirist has hitherto been so superficially tapped, and that even Mr. Evelyn Abbott's volume of selections and Mr. Lucas Collins's volume on Lucian in the "Ancient Classics" have not led to a much wider study of the treasures of satire, parody, and burlesque buried in the four big quartos of Hemsterhuys and Gesner. Meanwhile we are grateful to the scholar who has the courage to invite publicity to a single piece of such an author; because he not only asserts the principle of occasional deviation from the beaten track, but also opens the way to the livelier editing of kindred essays, such as the "Philopseudes," the "Piscator," the "Parasite," and others.

Some account of the *Vera Historia*, with the aid of Mr. Jerram's guidance, may perhaps be welcome to such of our readers as are either unacquainted with it or have forgotten its amusing accumulations of marvellous absurdity. Having his hand ever ready

\* *Luciani Vera Historia*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, for Middle Forms in Schools. By C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trin. Coll., Oxford; Editor of "Cebetis Tabula." Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1879.



to strike a blow at the popular creed, at professors of philosophy, at the vices and follies of society, Lucian in this instance directs his main satire against poets and historians; and that which gives his essay its charm is the easy skill with which he parodies, so to speak, the art of lying of which he charges Herodotus and Ctesias, and Homer himself, with being accomplished masters; and, as best he may, suggests that his own story is equally veracious with those of the elder writers whom he satirizes. Especially naming Ctesias's account of India, and Iambulus's incredible stories of the marvels in the Great Sea, which he says every one knew to be false, and the tales which Homer put into Ulysses's mouth, wherewith to astonish Alcinoüs and the simple Phœaciens, he holds that these are the less to blame because the pretended philosophers are as bad or worse. Why, then, should not he leave his legacy of lies to posterity, honestly premising that there is not an atom of truth in his story? We agree very much with Mr. Jerram that the fault which the True History of Lucian carries on the face of it is "an exuberance of invention, and a too rapid transition from one marvel to another"—and this not, as he would imply, especially in the First Book. The second strikes us as even more crowded with incident; but in both an overtaken and sated imagination finds relief in a natural style and graphic touch, and an engaging simplicity which disarms the reader's scepticism. Expectation is kept on the tip-toe, and never played with too long. And it is curious how many of the mock romancer's hits are pertinent even in this much later day of the world's history. It may be doubted whether Lucian has been deliberately imitated to any great extent by the writers who have oftenest been accused of stealing from him, such as Quevedo, Bergerac, Voltaire, Rabelais, and Swift. The coincidences between Lucian and the first-named are limited to the description of the Last Judgment. Bergerac and Voltaire are indebted to the Samosatans only for general ideas and here and there a detail. Rabelais seems to borrow scarcely aught save the idea of the "City of Lanterns" (i. 106) for his *Lychnobolii*. Swift shows no direct traces of debt to Lucian, fond though he is, and as a writer of mock history would naturally be, of harping constantly on his author's proverbial veracity. A much richer field of comparison is offered by Baron Munchausen, "whose adventures," remarks Mr. Jerram, "are often taken *totidem verbis* from the 'Veracious History.'" In one chapter we are told how a hurricane carries the ship up to the moon, where "vulture-riders" figure in a war with the inhabitants of the sun. Their weapons are asparagus darts and mushroom shields. They have one finger on each hand, and removable heads and eyes. Instead of dying in the ordinary way they dissolve into smoke. Afterwards we read of an island of cheese in a sea of milk, and an enormous kingfisher's nest, exactly as in Lucian. A sea monster swallows up ship and crew entire. They find many nations inside it, and escape at last by propping open the mouth with masts. Here the author of the Munchausen romance obviously borrows wholesale from Lucian, and it might be interesting to trace still further the Lucianic element in these stories. Other problems arise out of Lucian's famous collection of lies professing to be truth, such as that of the traces in them of Eastern fable, coincidences with details of the *Arabian Nights*; and that of the writer's acquaintance with Christian literature, discovered by some in the likeness of the imagery and surroundings of the City of the Blest (ii. 145) to the New Jerusalem in the Apocalypse, and in that of the sea monster to Jonah's great fish, the chasm of the ocean to the passage of the Red Sea, and the blossoming of the mast (ii. 579) to Aaron's Rod budding. Perhaps, however, any fancied resemblance of this kind implies nothing more than recourse to a common storehouse of Oriental imagery.

It is time, however, to glance at the series of absurdities which Lucian relates in the first person with a preliminary assurance that there is not an atom of truth in them from beginning to end. A party of voyagers set sail from the Pillars of Hercules towards the Western ocean, on a course which, had it been real, might, as the French translator Béquet observes, have led to the discovery of America. After eighty days of storm they land on an island, which is found to have been previously visited by Hercules and Bacchus, to have navigable rivers of Chian wine, in which swam fish which, when dissected, proved to be full of lees, and the swallowing of which caused certain inebriation. By a happy resource the explorers devised a plan of correcting excess by tempering wine-fish with water-fish; but when a bery of bewitching half-vines, half-women (like Daphne in process of metamorphose) salute the strangers it becomes high time for such of them as could stand on their legs to hurry back to the shore, and, without loss of a moment, leave behind them the charms of so seductive a spot. After sailing onward for a week or so, the voyagers are caught up by a whirlwind, pinnace and all, to a great, shining, globe-like island, where they land, and near which at night they espy other worlds, one of which they take (not wrongly) to be "our earth." Captured soon after landing by the Hippogrypi, or horse-vultures, of King Endymion, they are carried into his presence, accosted by him in their native Greek, and told how he is King of the Moon, and is threatened with a war with the Sun, and its monarch Phæthon, because he had contemplated colonizing Lucifer, but was hindered by the rival potentate's anti-cavalry. Endymion regards his new allies as a providential arrival, and proposes to them a share in the prospects of a campaign, agreeing to furnish them with "vultures out of his own mews." The enumeration of the forces of King Endymion—a hundred thousand, besides sutlers, machinists, and mercenaries, made up of

cavalry mounted on horse-vultures and cabbage-fowl, and archers riding on gigantic fleas, together with light-armed infantry, called "wind coursers," sent from the Bear Star as auxiliaries—is only to be matched by the equally circumstantial account of Phæthon's army, whose numbers were made up, amongst others, of a large detachment of 'Aeropokápakes, air-mercenaries, as Mr. Jerram thinks we should read, instead of 'Aeropókakes, because all crows are alike *air crows*. Another heavy-armed force in the army of the Sun was the stinky mushrooms *Kauloúkretes*, whose shields were fungus pilei and their spears asparagus stalks. The forces of the Moon are superior in the first encounter, even to the extent of setting up two trophies, one for the land-fight, *ἐν τῷ ἀραχίῳ*, "in the cobwebs," and one for the air-fight, *ἐν τῷ νεφῶν*, "in nubibus," until the arrival of the Cloud Centaurs reverses Endymion's good fortune, and causes the trophies to be pulled down—an obvious parody of such descriptions as Xenophon's Battle of Cunaxa, and others of the same historian. Taken captive into the Sun our friends languish in subtly-contrived darkness, until terms of peace are arrived at, by one of which the Moon covenants to pay the King of the Sunfolk annually a tribute of "10,000 casks of dew" (*δέσπον ἀμφοτίας μυρίων*).

We must not tarry with our voyagers after they leave the Moon, and are carried through the Zodiac to Lychnopolis or Lamptown. An adventure follows where, on descending again to the ocean, ship and crew are swallowed by a huge whale, inside of which they live for a year and eight months on the most friendly terms with two previous sojourners, an old agriculturist and his son, whom they help to make head against a motley race of unpleasant neighbours. After two days' conflict the foe is driven out with the loss of a hundred and seventy men, whereas of the voyagers and their allies one only was lost—"our pilot run thro' the shoulder by the rib of a mullet." Peace was thus permanently secured; but it was, after all, only the peace of captives in a spacious prison; and, as this was intolerable, they contrive to escape by lighting a fire in the monster, which eventually dies of internal inflammation. Once more aloft, the ship's crew, with their old friend Skintharus and his son Cinyrus, make their way across the Frozen Sea to the Isle of Cheese, and thence are escorted dry-shod by the Corkfoot people to the Island of the Blest. Here opens a new adventure. As soon as the voyagers go ashore they are seized by the sentries and patrols of King Rhadamanthus, bound hand and foot with rose-bands, and carried before his majesty. He graciously consents to postpone the punishment due to their presumptuous voyage, and to suffer them for seven months to stay on the island, of which a glowing description ensues, and to consort with the heroes in it. Lucian's account of the uniform verdure and fruitfulness of the island is perfect in its kind. But the place is not more attractive than the company, which includes not only all the heroes and famous men and women of old—Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, and Stesichorus, who had made up his differences with Helen by a palinode—but also representatives of every sect of philosophers, except Plato, who was too much enamoured of his own model Republic, and the Stoics, "who were said to be still engaged in the ascent of the perpendicular heights of virtue." As to Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, he was there, as talkative as in life; only Rhadamanthus had many times threatened to turn him out of the island if he did not give over his habit of irony, and drop the Socratic Elenchus. All these touches of parody are excellently annotated by Mr. Jerram. When the romancier has worn out the topic of the Happy Isles, he invents a plausible excuse for Rhadamanthus to terminate abruptly the sojourn of the voyagers in the abortive attempt at the abduction of Helen, as bird-witted as ever, by Cinyrus, son of Skintharus, while Menelaus and the elders of the exploring party were asleep. The King and Judge, however, shows no little favour to the narrator of these adventures, furnishes him with a mallow root, like the "moly" that Hermes gave Ulysses, to keep him out of harm's way, and lays on him three mystic injunctions, by observing which he may hope to attain eventually to the Isle of Bliss in perpetuity. These are of a kindred nature to the old burlesque oath which Mr. Jerram quotes from Mr. Collins's *Lucian* as formerly sworn by travellers at Highgate, e.g. "never to stir the fire with a sword, nor kiss a woman above two-and-twenty." On their way thence the travellers visit, besides Ogygia (where the narrator uses much diplomacy in satisfying Calypso as to Ulysses's domestic happiness), the abode of the damned; and there the sight of Herodotus and Ctesias suffering the extremity of tortures for having falsified history affords him a most comfortable assurance that his own strict regard for truth in all his adventures cannot fail to bring him eventually to that blessed destination.

Mr. Jerram's editing of this curious piece of mock romance is scholarly, instructive, and full of collateral information.

#### THE UNJUST STEWARD.\*

DR. BROOM is surely too modest in the way in which he speaks of his new story. "Let us hope," he says, in the last paragraph of the book, "that the few half-hours spent in the perusal of this simple narrative may not have been spent unpleasantly, nor—since every study of life, every leaf torn from

\* *The Unjust Steward*. By Herbert Broom, LL.D., Author of "The Missing Will." 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1879.

its volume must carry with it some lesson—quite in vain." Simple narrative indeed! Why, in two short volumes he introduces his readers to the Earl of Droitswich, Lord Fitzurse, the Lady Alice Mandeville, Sir Edward Vavasor—a Yorkshire baronet, whose life had been passed in oscillating between his almost princely residence and a fashionable London Club—Colonel Fraser, Captain Macaire, late of the Guards, Squire Falconbridge, and Mr. Fortescue Delmaine. He very nearly brings in a Duchess. At all events he brings in people who can talk of a Duchess familiarly. "Are you going to the Duchess's on the 15th?" asked Sir Edward Vavasor of Captain Macaire. "Not I," replied the Captain. The 15th being therefore what these gentlemen looked upon as a blank day, they agreed to dine together at the Punchbowl Club. The dinner they had was no doubt described by them as simple. It was certainly as simple as Dr. Broom's narrative. We often doubt whether our novelists act kindly in thus minutely describing the various dishes of a feast. Such readers as they are likely to get can have but a poor chance of ever themselves tasting the delicacies which are conjured up before their imaginations. But as poor lads in the streets seem to have a certain kind of melancholy satisfaction in studying from the outside the contents of a pastrycook's window, so milliners and apprentices may be gratified by reading about the feastings of the great world in such a tantalizing passage as the following:—

The menu was most *recherché* and inviting. Especially was the *chef de cuisine* at this establishment celebrated for his skill in serving to the accomplished *gourmand* successive courses of soup, fish, and fowl, presented in a style exquisite and unimpeachable—*soupe à la reine, anguilles à la Richmonde, suprême de volaille, and celatine de crème de framboises*—whilst his *glaces à la vanille* and *aux mille fruits* might have vied with any which could be produced at Paris, Naples, or Vienna.

When these and other delicacies had been appreciated, and wine of the choicest vintages, but in no considerable quantity, had been imbibed, a move was made to the smoking-room designed for the use of members who had had strangers dining with them and might wish to indulge in the fragrant weed.

From the Punchbowl Club the reader is presently taken to another Club, which Sir Edward Vavasor also frequented. It was in the West End; "it was celebrated for its cuisine, its gorgeously decorated suites of apartments, and corresponding scale of charges." In a less fortunate age than our own it not unfrequently happened that the luckless author had to write of luxury while he himself sat half-starved in a garret. Even in these happier times a suspicion has occasionally arisen that our novelists—some of them at least—still owe part of their descriptions of the great world to their fancy. We are happy to be able at once to assure our readers that, at all events so far as the club life of the West End goes, Dr. Broom may be taken as an undoubted authority. He takes care to free himself from the painful suspicion that he may be writing about places of which he knows only the outside. This is really so important a matter that he is quite right in thinking it cannot be made too clear:—

As the year advanced the West-end was more and more deserted, the clubs were empty, and, even when by an interchange of comity receiving members not their own, almost depopulated, the minimum of conviviality existed. Dwight's, to which Sir Edward Vavasor belonged, the Carlton, the Reform, the Travellers, and many acknowledged resorts of the *beau monde* were still open, but few of them without that array of scaffolding and appliances for redecoration, which, however necessary they may be, are yet distressing. We have ourselves experienced what we write about, and many of our readers will to the full appreciate its meaning.

No doubt part of the distressing state of things which Dr. Broom describes might have been experienced by an outsider. The scaffolding and appliances for redecoration affect to some extent the passer-by. But the whole passage clearly shows that he is speaking as one who himself frequents the acknowledged resorts of the *beau monde*, and who has himself suffered from the depressing influence of the minimum of conviviality. He appeals, moreover, for confirmation to the more highly favoured among his readers who can, as he says, appreciate to the full the meaning of what he writes about. It is not to be expected, as he lets the bulk of his readers know, that they shall appreciate his meaning. They have not seen anything more than the outside of clubs, and the menials who throng their magnificent portals. We here adopt, to the best of our power, the author's style. But outsiders must be content. Dr. Broom has seen the inside. He is willing to describe it at length; and, if any one doubts the truthfulness of his description, he does not hesitate at once to appeal to those who are equally fortunate with himself. But, when he talks about the simplicity of his narrative, he surely reminds us somewhat too much of Hotspur, who, after killing some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life; I want work. So we expect to find Dr. Broom crying out, Fie upon this quiet West End club life; I want palaces. If he once got palaces, we feel very sure that he would do them full justice. It is amazing how he can vary the simplicity of his narrative when the presence of the aristocracy requires it. Thus the estate of a mere squire is described as the circumjacent park, or the ambit of a park. But the estates of an Earl—though he was only an Irish Earl—are called his territorial domain. "The son of a well-to-do farmer," our author says in one passage, "could not be weighed in heraldic scales against a lineal descendant of the ancient feudal family of Vavasor." This may well be the case. But yet words and epithets might, we feel sure, be very exactly weighed in heraldic scales by such a writer as Dr. Broom. We have no doubt that he knows the appropriate term to apply to the estates of a marquess, a duke, a prince, or even a monarch.

While, however, our author is thus hand and glove with the great, he can yet adapt himself to more humble folk. His heroine, for instance, is the daughter of the unjust steward who gives the title to the book. Her name certainly is Isabel Lorraine, which has about it a certain air of fashion. But at the end of the story, just before she changes it by marriage for that of Falconbridge, we learn that her father was no Lorraine. Yet even then he was not a Jones, or Smith, or Brown. He was Frank Darrell, and Frank Darrell, especially if the accent be thrown on the second syllable, is, as the reader will admit, a name, if not aristocratic in itself, yet not totally unworthy of—we quote our author—a matrimonial alliance in high life. The heroine, though her father was a rascal, and a very silly rascal, had been brought up most judiciously. She owed much to "the mild and motherly training" of her Aunt Mary, "who was competent to instruct her protégée in the ordinary details of a young lady's education—in English history and literature—fairly in the French language, and somewhat in Italian." For her knowledge of French she might have been partly indebted to her father, who, like the author and almost all his characters, used French terms far oftener than there was any strict necessity. "Cela dépend," for instance, the steward answers to his fellow-villain when he is asked whether he will lend him a few thousand pounds without any security. He, in his turn, as he had not been fortunate enough himself to have an Aunt Mary, might have got his French from his first master, Lord Fitzurse, who, when he returned from the Continent to Ireland, experienced a change in diet "from the fastidiously-assorted menu of the Palazzo Ruggieri to the singularly simple régime enforced at the *uberge* in county Dumbleton." But to return to the heroine and her other accomplishments. As she grew up, professional teachers in music, drawing, deportment, and modern languages were called in aid. She produced well-finished water-colour drawings, and sometimes even oil-paintings which charmed the eye. Unfortunately she lived at some distance from London, or else she might have increased her knowledge of painting by visiting the Grosvenor Gallery like the hero. Like him, she would no doubt have been "eager and interested, wondering ingeniously at Whistler, and dazzled by Brown-Jones" (*sic*). However, she could study nature. She had, we are told, in her garden scope for the display of her botanical tastes generally. There was in the minute domain over which she ruled a continuous sequence. One morning the hero finds her in her garden, and begins to tell her a strange and melancholy story:—"I had no idea of stirring up any painful remembrances," interposed Isabel. "Let us talk rather of what is in unison with nature, with the scene about us." How refreshing is such simplicity after the scenes with the card-sharps of the Punchbowl Club! How delightful, too, it is to find that a man who, like Dr. Broom, is familiar with the acknowledged resorts of the *beau monde*, yet can in another passage, when the hero and heroine meet in the morning, burst out into praises of early rising. He may at times bewail the minimum of conviviality, and mourn over the depopulation of clubs and the distressing appliances for redecoration, but he is not afraid to show that his heart remains true to nature and to early rising. "Country life is," he says, "or ought to be, dedicated to the pursuit of tranquil virtues. . . . What can be more exhilarating than the first flush of morning—the coming back into life of everything about one, the converse which external objects seem to hold with one—how can we better than thus usher in the day?" Certainly some of Dr. Broom's men do not pursue with any steadiness the virtues, whether tranquil or untranquil. The Yorkshire baronet is, for many years at least, almost as bad as a baronet can be, and yet he spent part of his time in the country. Our readers will remember how he oscillated. However, if the men are for the most part wicked or very foolish, if the hero does lose several thousands of pounds in a few nights at *écarté*, yet there are other ladies of the country besides the heroine who are distinguished by their pursuit of tranquil virtues. There is Miss Rose Somerville, "who might have been taken to belong to the order of sylphs rather than of human beings," and there is her staid sister Miss Maria. How serious is her conversation when she is with her lover Mr. Gaspard, a gentleman "who, by a happy combination of classical and mathematical learning, obtained a fellowship at Trinity," and whose club was the Oxford and Cambridge, as to which, he was able to assert, a doubting word was never said. The young people had been talking about novels. "I should like to hear out," said Maria, "what you have to say on this momentous matter. It certainly is momentous, for novel-reading is quite a feature of the day. As I before said, I am a good listener, and should specially wish to know what you may have to suggest about didactic and historical novels." Mr. Gaspard is clearly delighted to have so good a chance of laying down the law on the subject of novels. He concludes by saying that he pins his faith upon that kind of story which may be characterized as "emotional" combining with its main element somewhat of the "sentimental," the "psychological," and the "descriptive." Space fails us to follow out any further the description of Dr. Broom's story. We have little doubt, however, that in the person of Mr. Gaspard the author is really expressing his own views of his own novels. We are quite ready to allow that the book before us is emotional, sentimental, psychological, and descriptive. Truth compels us to add that it is moreover pompous, ridiculous, and dull.



## AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**A**N Historical Society established in the most important and wealthy city of the Union, possessing considerable means, and endowed with a special fund by bequest or gift for the preservation and publication of valuable papers, could hardly render a greater service than by giving to the world, for the use of students, such a work as the *History of New York during the Revolutionary War* (1) which now lies before us. It is somewhat curious that this book should not have seen the light at a much earlier period. Its almost unique interest is evident at a glance; it has been for a century in the possession of the personal representatives of the writer, and it might have been thought that they would have been eager to give it to the world. It is not one of those merely personal or local documents which owe their value principally to their age and to the light they cast unintentionally on contemporary thought, or on minor incidents of a great historical subject. Though nominally dealing with New York and written from the standpoint of a citizen of that town, the work is nothing less than a history of the revolutionary struggle by a personage of no small official importance, and of a rank which gave him access to the society of all the leading actors in the public events in which his fortunes, like those of so many thousand others, were involved. The writer necessarily knew more of that which passed in the immediate vicinity of his own dwelling, and of operations whereof New York was the base, than of what was passing at a distance of hundreds of miles in an age when railways, steamboats, and telegraphs were unknown; but from no one point perhaps, certainly from none within the British lines, could a better view of the general course of events have been obtained. New York was very early occupied and very long held by the British forces, and was usually the headquarters of the general holding the highest command. Its magnificent harbour was the best possible station for the British fleet. The Hudson, navigable for a great part of its course and giving direct access to Albany, a most important position, as well as to West Point (not to be confounded with the place of the same name in Virginia), which was not only a critical military position, but the scene of one of the most deeply interesting episodes of the civil strife, made the possession of its outlet an advantage invaluable to men who could appreciate it. It must be remembered that in those days the settlements were confined to what is now considered the Atlantic seaboard, and that the Hudson consequently gave to a force actually commanding it a line passing along the rear of those New England States in which the revolutionary cause was strongest, and capable of being used to shut in those States between two fires, at least so long as Boston was held by the Royalists. Had this line been vigorously seized, firmly held, and made the base of energetic operations against the rear of the New England revolutionists, while at the same time energetic operations were undertaken in the South, where the British party was exceedingly powerful, it is probable that at a very early period the rebellion south of the Hudson might have been entirely crushed, and New England thus isolated must have been reduced to submission by any general worthy to command British soldiers and adequately supported by a Government of tolerable intelligence and vigour at home. With what utter imbecility and stupidity the war was conducted on our side, has never perhaps been fully appreciated by either of the nations engaged in the war. It is not, of course, the inclination of American writers to proclaim how little credit was due to the wisdom, devotion, and endurance of their countrymen at large, or to the steadfastness and good faith of Congress; and how much was owing to the total incapacity of the British Government and to the incompetence of the commanders selected. On the other hand, English historians have not been too anxious to insist upon the miserable picture of helpless blundering and wilful perversity presented by their country. Another important and significant feature of the war has also been equally neglected on both sides. England has been as little grateful to the memory of her warm and steadfast partisans in America as she was at the time to those who sacrificed fortune and station and endured extreme hardship and peril in their sovereign's cause; while American historians have not cared to expatiate upon the divided feeling which prevailed throughout the colonies, the manner in which the war and the separation were forced on the people at large by the violence of the extreme revolutionary faction, or the wanton cruelty practised towards the large and powerful minority which saw that there was scarcely an excuse for armed resistance, and none whatever for converting resistance into revolution. It is precisely from a representative of that minority, such as the writer of this narrative, that we may expect to learn both the follies of the vanquished belligerents and the barbarities and excesses of the victors. The mismanagement of one side, and the extravagances into which conscious weakness drove the other, were equally exasperating to the loyal colonists, and were just those characteristics of the time on which their attention was most closely fixed, as they are those on which historians are least prone to dwell. The editor of this work, in a very

able and candid preface, insists on the importance in numbers and character of that great party which, at least at the outset, was thoroughly loyal to the British connexion, and of which Mr. Thomas Jones, Justice of the Supreme Provincial Court of New York, the author of the elaborate narrative now published in two ponderous octavo volumes, was a fitting representative. In the South, and especially in the Carolinas and in Georgia, it is more than probable that the loyalists were superior even in numbers to their opponents. Everywhere, except in Massachusetts and Connecticut, they were strong enough, if well organized and well supported by the power of the British Empire, to have decided the issue. Nothing comes out with more clearness in this history, except the feebleness and mismanagement of the British commanders, than the want of staunchness and persistence which characterized at first the rank and file of the revolutionists, and the great effect of the discouragement inflicted upon them by the result of any collision upon anything like equal terms with the trained soldiers of Great Britain. On the other hand, it is painfully obvious that the fidelity of the loyalists was ill-requested and ill-appreciated. It is a curious fact that the treatment of the loyalists both during and after the war is almost utterly forgotten on this side of the Atlantic, and very imperfectly remembered on the other. Not only were their dwellings burnt, their lands ravaged, themselves and their women treated with outrageous brutality during the struggle; but afterwards, without trial, numbers of them were attainted, deprived of their property, and doomed to death if they should return to the country of their birth or adoption. This attainer of men who had broken no law, who were guilty of no sort of moral offence, against whom it could at worst be only said that they had chosen ill their part in a contest where right and wrong were very evenly balanced, reflects the deepest disgrace on the Revolutionary Congress, and should be remembered, together with the cold-blooded murder of André, whenever Englishmen are disposed to flatter American feeling by extravagant eulogies on the memory of Washington. We heartily wish that Mr. Jones's history had been briefer and more readable. It would have been far more useful towards correcting current errors had it occupied a fourth or a sixth part of the two heavy volumes in which it is actually published.

The *History of the Bunker's Hill Monument* (2), published in a volume as large as those in which Mr. De Lancey has edited his ancestor's long-hidden manuscript, though much more loosely and largely printed, will hardly, in this country at least, find a place in other than public libraries. The elaborate record here furnished of the collection of funds for the construction of a patriotic memorial, and of the manner in which those funds were applied, is singularly appropriate. If the feat of men who held a perfectly safe position, and shot down an enemy advancing in the open, to run away the moment that enemy came within reach of them, deserved a national monument, the exertions of the gentlemen who devised a memorial to preserve for ever what is perhaps the most absurdly false of American patriotic traditions are equally worthy of the elaborate record spun out by Mr. George Washington Warren to the length of some four hundred octavo pages.

The third volume of *Watson's Annals of Philadelphia*, edited by Mr. Hazard (3), is of greater value than the story of the Bunker's Hill monument. It is a pity that the work is made as nearly as possible useless by its extreme lengthiness, together with a total want of order, chronological or other, which renders regular reading impossible, and reference intolerably laborious. Philadelphia was founded in the reign of Charles II.; was, till the middle of the last century, a place of no importance whatever; was but for a very short time a political capital, and, except for that brief interval, can hardly be said to have a history. Proportion in such works is an idea quite unfamiliar to American literature.

One of the most curious of the many curious conceptions of which American literature has its full share is the enormous quarto in which Dr. Charles Pickering has published a *Chronological History of Plants* (4). The title is itself a misnomer and a paradox. Till botanical and geological science are very much further advanced than they are at present—probably till they are further advanced than the record preserved in stone of the natural history of the past will ever permit—it must be impossible to give anything resembling a chronological account of the development even of families of plants, much more of individual species. Dr. Pickering has, however, attempted nothing of the kind. His work records in chronological order what, with infinite labour and research, he has ascertained or supposes to be the first mention of any given plant in history, beginning with the earliest deciphered hieroglyphics on Egyptian monuments, and carrying on to the present time a sort of fragmentary chronicle

(2) *The History of the Bunker's Hill Monument Association during the First Century of the United States of America*. By George Washington Warren, late President of the Association. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

(3) *Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time*. By John F. Watson. Revised and enlarged by Willis P. Hazard. 3 vols. Illustrated. Vol. III. Philadelphia: Stoddart & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *Chronological History of Plants: Man's Record of His Own Existence, illustrated through their Names, Uses, and Companionship*. By Charles Pickering, M.D., Author of "Races of Man." Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(1) *History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and of the Leading Events in the other Colonies at that Period*. By Thomas Jones, Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province. Edited by E. Floyd de Lancey. With Notes, Maps, and Portraits. 2 vols. New York: The New York Historical Society. 1879.

of the mention of plants in connexion with human history, their appearance as part of the tracery and ornaments of architecture, and so forth. A more inconvenient development of an odd idea can hardly be imagined. To find when any given plant was first mentioned in any existing record can scarcely be an important inquiry; but, by means of the indices attached to this work, such questions, so far as Dr. Pickering's researches have extended, can be answered; and further, a curious investigator may discover what any given writer, artist, or botanist, has had to do with the first notice of any given species. The time and labour spent on such a compilation of useless knowledge might surely have rendered some real and eminent service to science and history.

General Le Gendre's work on the progress of political changes in Japan (5), possesses some merit, and is certainly a peculiar and characteristic book. The author seems completely unable to look at Oriental history or politics from any other than a distinctively American point of view; he finds in the past or present institutions of Japan forms of democracy, regular checks on despotism, responsibility of rulers, and the like, and measures these by their analogy to the constitutional arrangements of England or the United States. At the same time he is better aware than most American writers of the wide distinction between Oriental and English methods and habits of thought, and of the impracticability of suddenly imposing upon an Eastern race institutions which are not the creation so much as the natural development of political life in the nations that actually possess them. His book is in the main an account of the recent politics of Japan, written in the style, and almost in the same political terminology, in which he would narrate the proceedings of General Grant's and Mr. Hayes's administrations, and the recent conflicts of American parties; the Americanization of ideas and words extending even to the use of "Mr." before the names of Japanese statesmen and Ministers. The effect is often comical; but the picture of policy and party opinions, if not of men or national habits, is perhaps all the more vividly conveyed.

Mr. Hosmer's *Short History of German Literature* (6) belongs to a class of books more and more rife in our day, as the desire to obtain a general, no matter how superficial, idea of a vast number of subjects becomes more urgent with the spread of education. Really to learn anything of a national literature, much more to acquire even a shadowy impression of the style, character, and comparative quality of different writers, from a volume of six hundred loosely printed octavo pages, is of course impracticable. But it is possible from such a book to learn enough for the purposes of conversation, enough to give a reputation for wide reading to people who lack either the industry or the leisure for anything like real study on an extensive scale, but who are reluctant frankly to confess entire ignorance of any interesting topic whatever. Whether, in encouraging the affectation of knowledge without the reality, such works do more harm than the good they do by diffusing such actual knowledge as the reader can acquire from them, might be an inquiry of interest if it were likely to have any practical result.

*Camping in Colorado* (7) contains several clear and interesting sketches of a pleasant holiday life in a very striking country not yet hackneyed by frequent description. But, small as the volume is, it is padded with a quantity of irrelevant remarks and inappropriate information, the latter sometimes descending to a level little better than that of gratuitous advertising.

The "Travels" of which Mr. King gives us his "Sketches" (8) cover a much wider and more familiar area. It is probable that no year passes without bringing to light two or three dozen accounts of six, nine, or twelve months spent by an American in scampering over the railroads and seeing the sights of Europe as directed by his guide-book; and there is nothing in Mr. King's work to distinguish it from its innumerable competitors.

Dr. Mansfield's record of personal intercourse with men of more or less public and professional distinction (9) and of the reminiscences of a long and honourable, if not very active, life is open to the same charge we have brought against American works in general and American biographies in particular—an utter want of proportion. More than a third of the book deals with the recollections of school and college life; two-thirds of the remainder with incidents of little interest affecting men of no importance. From the entire mass a small volume of very readable matter, throwing some light on really eminent characters and on public feeling and party views at critical moments, might very well have been compiled.

Mr. Nightingale publishes a compilation of great practical use to American youth, and of interest, at least as a work

(5) *Progressive Japan: a Study of the Political and Social Needs of the Empire.* By General Le Gendre. New York and Yokohama: G. Lévy. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

(6) *Short History of German Literature.* By James K. Hosmer, Author of "The Coloured Guard," &c. St. Louis: Jones & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(7) *Camping in Colorado: with Suggestions to Gold-Seekers, Tourists, and Invalids.* By S. Anna Gordon, Author of "Music of Waters," &c. New York: Authors' Publishing Company.

(8) *Sketches of Travel; or, Twelve Months in Europe.* By Horatio King, ex-Postmaster-General of the United States. Washington City: J. Bradley Adams.

(9) *Personal Memories. Social, Political, and Literary; with Sketches of many Noted People, 1803-1843.* By C. D. Mansfield, LL.D., Author of "American Education," &c. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. 1879.

of reference, to English readers—namely, an account of the requirements, scholastic and other, enforced by each of the higher colleges of the United States as conditions of admission or matriculation (10). The book is little more than a pamphlet in size, but seems to contain nearly all the information really necessary or desirable to aspirants; and a selection of examination papers that clearly illustrate the amount and nature of the preliminary learning expected of each candidate for admission to the lower classes of the colleges and universities.

Of political documents or State papers the only important one at present before us contains the evidence collected by a Committee of the House of Representatives appointed in the summer session of 1878 to inquire into the causes of that general depression in business which in America, as in England, had about that time begun very seriously to affect the labour market (11). The volume contains a vast amount of useful statistical information, with a still larger quantity of extravagantly absurd and unreasonable opinions, the prevalence of which, however, among the working classes of the most educated and prosperous democracy in the world is in itself a fact worthy of being authenticated by a public inquiry and communicated to the world.

The Tenth Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labour Statistics (12), and the collected statistical papers of the growing State of Minnesota (13), have each a special, though limited, interest. The latter contains some papers dealing with a point which has of late engaged much thought in the North-West—the planting of trees on prairie land, and the extent to which this industry is remunerative enough to attract spontaneous effort, or requires to be encouraged and stimulated by State support.

Of technical or professional books we have two, whose subjects are widely contrasted; one on a new method of Bee-Keeping (14), the other on the use of the Bicycle in America (15). Dr. McSherry's hygienic counsels (16) are practical, and probably sound; but manuals of this kind of advice are already numerous, and we fear have never done any good proportionate to the labour spent upon them.

The *Obliiviad* (17) is a laborious imitation at great length of the *Dunciad* of Pope, somewhat more universally insolent in its treatment of contemporary authors than any other satire in prose or verse that we remember. It is unfortunately so indiscriminate in its censures that, when it deals with offenders to whom its method is properly applicable, it rather honours than hurts them by a chastisement which they share with men whose names would be an ample protection from the blows of a much more skilful and powerful critic.

Mr. Johnes shows a certain professional smartness and liveliness, as well as some skill in versification; but the principal merit of his *Briefs* (18) is that which their prototypes are said never to possess—the brevity from which they do not derive their name.

We had hoped last month that in reaching home Mr. Longfellow had completed the series of *Poems of Places* to which he has given at least the sanction of his name. We were mistaken. He has given us two more volumes (19); one dealing with British America, the other with Oceanica, Australasia, Polynesia, various islands, oceans, and, finally, the North Pole. As, however, an epilogue is appended to the latter volume, we trust that the series is this time really terminated.

(10) *A Handbook of Requirements for Admission to the Colleges of the United States.* Compiled and arranged by A. F. Nightingale, A.M. New York: Appleton & Co. 1879.

(11) *Investigation by a Select Committee of the House of Representatives relative to the Causes of the General Depression in Labour and Business, &c.* Washington: Government Printing House. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(12) *Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labour, January 1879.* Boston: Rand, Avery, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(13) *Statistics of Minnesota for 1878; being the Tenth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Statistics.* Minneapolis: Johnson, Smith, & Harrison. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(14) *Quinby's New Bee-Keeping; the Mysteries of Bee-Keeping Explained.* By L. C. Root, Practical Apiarian. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(15) *The American Bicycle: a Manual for the Observer, the Learner, and the Expert.* By Charles E. Pratt, A.M., B.B.C. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(16) *Health, and How to Promote it.* By Richard McSherry, M.D., Professor of Practice of Medicine, University of Maryland, &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(17) *The Obliiviad: a Satire.* With Notes, &c. New York: James Miller. London: B. Quaritch. 1879.

(18) *Briefs by a Barrister: Occasional Verses.* By Edward R. Johnes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1879.

(19) *Poems of Places.* 1. *British America.* 2. *Oceanica.* Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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